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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

DUDLEY C. HASKELL

DECEMBER 17TH 1883.

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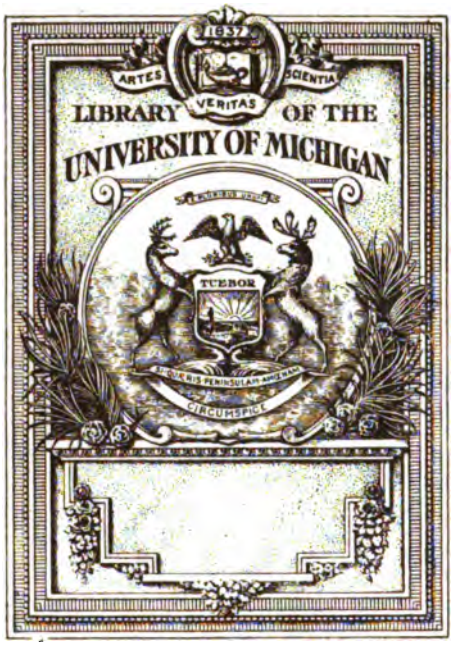

THE GIFT OF
J. Herbert Russell

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Dudley C. Haskell.

Bureau. Engraving & Printing.

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C. Haskell

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

DUDLEY C. HASKELL

(A REPRESENTATIVE FROM KANSAS),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FORTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS, FIRST SESSION.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1884.

H. Mis. 46——1

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JOINT RESOLUTION for the printing of certain eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late Dudley C. Haskell.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late Dudley C. Haskell, a Representative elect to the Forty-eighth Congress from the State of Kansas, twelve thousand five hundred copies, of which three thousand shall be for the use of the Senate and nine thousand five hundred for the use of the House of Representatives. And the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, directed to have printed a portrait of the said Dudley C. Haskell to accompany said eulogies, and for the purpose of engraving or printing said portrait the sum of five hundred dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Approved March 13, 1884.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

OF THE

DEATH OF DUDLEY C. HASKELL

(A REPRESENTATIVE FROM KANSAS).

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

December 17, 1883.

Mr. ANDERSON. Mr. Speaker, it is with great sorrow I perform the sad duty of announcing to the House the death of my lamented colleague, Hon. DUDLEY C. HASKELL, late a Representative from the State of Kansas, who died at his residence in this city on yesterday morning, the 16th instant, at twenty-eight minutes past 4 o'clock.

With the earliest tints of that sacred day which typifies to the Christian the resurrection of the dead, his spirit was severed from the jurisdiction of this Congress of the United States of America, and joined that sublime general assembly of representatives from all nations, continents, and centuries. As the babe sleeps, so he slept out of life and awoke in that immortality given and vouchsafed by our Lord Jesus Christ.

Mr. HASKELL served through the last three Congresses with ever increasing ability, fidelity, and efficiency. Had he been spared to occupy this seat, now draped with the emblems of mourning, but brightened with the flowers of the Christian's hope, he would have taken high and deserved rank in the Forty-eighth Congress.

Of his never questioned purity of life and force of character, of his ripe legislative experience and broad statesmanship, this is not the time to speak. On some future day the House will be asked to suspend its ordinary proceedings and pay fitting tribute of respect to the memory of one whose words and deeds have become an inseparable part of its history.

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And now, in behalf of my colleagues, and expressing the unanimous wish of that constituency which so long, so ably, and so earnestly Mr. HASKELL has represented, and which loved him so well, I ask for the action of the House upon the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. DUDLEY C. HASKELL, late a Representative from the State of Kansas.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these proceedings to the Senate.

Resolved, That, as a token of respect to the memory of the deceased, the House do now adjourn.

The resolutions were adopted unanimously.

Before announcing the result, the Speaker appointed the following as members of the committee to escort the remains of Mr. HASKELL to his place of residence: Mr. Russell, of Massachusetts; Mr. Kasson, of Iowa; Mr. Browne, of Indiana; Mr. Ryan, of Kansas; Mr. Le Fevre, of Ohio; Mr. Burnes, of Missouri; Mr. Hanback, of Kansas, and Mr. Graves, of Missouri.

Then, in accordance with the vote on the above resolutions (at 12 o'clock and 15 minutes p. m.), the House adjourned until Wednesday next.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

December 17, 1883.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Clark, its Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. DUDLEY C. HASKELL, late a member of the House from the State of Kansas, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The Chair feels it to be a duty, according to previous custom, to lay before the Senate the resolutions just received from the House of Representatives. The resolutions will be read.

The resolutions were read as follows:

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Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. DUDLEY C. HASKELL, late a Representative from the State of Kansas.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these proceedings to the Senate.

Resolved, That, as a token of respect to the memory of the deceased, the House do now adjourn.

Mr. INGALLS. Advised yesterday while in Massachusetts, by telegraph, of the untimely, though not wholly unexpected, death of my colleague in the House of Representatives, I hastened to Washington and have just arrived, to learn that the sad procession bearing his remains to his home has already departed.

This is not the time to recount his many virtues, nor to rehearse the services which he has rendered the Republic. Suffice it now to say that in his death the House has lost a most efficient member, the nation has been deprived of the services of an eminent statesman, his State mourns a distinguished and honored public servant, while I, Mr. President, suffer in his departure a personal bereavement that is irreparable.

In accordance with the usual observance upon such melancholy occasions, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The Chair will ask the Senator from Kansas whether he desires that a committee of Senators shall be named to attend the funeral, as the custom has been, and which was arranged for by his colleague [Mr. Plumb]?

Mr. INGALLS. I was not aware, in consequence of my very recent arrival, that that action had not already been taken. If it has not, I would suggest that a committee of three Senators be designated by the Chair for that purpose.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The Senator from Kansas asks that the Chair designate a committee of three Senators to attend the obsequies of the late member of the House of Representatives from Kansas. Is there objection? The Chair hears none. The Chair will name the Senator from Kansas [Mr. Plumb], the Senator from Missouri [Mr. Cockrell], and the Senator from Massachusetts [Mr. Dawes]. The Senator from Kansas [Mr. Ingalls] moves that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and (at 12 o'clock and 35 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned.

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IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
February 28, 1884.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will read the special order for this hour.

The Clerk read as follows:

Ordered, That Thursday, February 28, at 2 o'clock p. m., be fixed as the time for delivering tributes to the memory of the late DUDLEY C. HASKELL, late a Representative from the State of Kansas.

Mr. RYAN. Mr. Speaker, this being the hour fixed by special order by the House to pay appropriate tribute to the memory of the late Hon. DUDLEY C. HASKELL, a Representative-elect to this Congress from the second Congressional district of Kansas, I offer the following resolutions:

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the ordinary business of the House be laid aside in order that appropriate tribute may be paid to the memory of DUDLEY C. HASKELL, late a Representative from the State of Kansas.

Resolved, That in the untimely death of Mr. HASKELL the House has lost a conspicuous and faithful member, his constituents a zealous and capable servant, and the country a citizen of exemplary life, patriotic devotion, and rare promise.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect for his memory and sorrow for his loss, the House, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, shall adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

After addresses by Mr. Ryan, Mr. Kelley, Mr. Tucker, Mr. Keifer, Mr. McKinley, Mr. Rice, Mr. Russell, Mr. Burnes, Mr. Browne of Indiana, Mr. Belford, Mr. Hanback, Mr. Pettibone, and Mr. Perkins,

The SPEAKER. The question is on the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted, and accordingly the House adjourned.

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IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
March 3, 1884.

Mr. JOHN B. CLARK, Jr., the Clerk of the House of Representatives, appeared at the bar of the Senate and said: Mr. President, the House of Representatives has passed a series of resolutions as an appropriate tribute to the memory of DUDLEY C. HASKELL, late a Representative from the State of Kansas; which I am directed to communicate to the Senate.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The Chair, as is usual in such cases, asks unanimous consent to lay before the Senate the resolutions from the House of Representatives. If there be no objection the resolutions will be read.

The Chief Clerk read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the ordinary business of the House be laid aside in order that appropriate tribute may be paid to the memory of DUDLEY C. HASKELL, late a Representative from the State of Kansas.

Resolved, That in the untimely death of Mr. HASKELL the House has lost a conspicuous and faithful member, his constituents a zealous and capable servant, and the country a citizen of exemplary life, patriotic devotion, and rare promise.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to his memory and sorrow for his loss, the House, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, shall adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Mr. PLUMB. Mr. President, I offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Senate has received with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. DUDLEY C. HASKELL, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Kansas.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended that opportunity may be given for fitting tributes to the memory of the deceased and to his eminent public and private virtues, and that as a further mark of respect the Senate, at the conclusion of such remarks, shall adjourn.

After addresses by Mr. Ingalls, Mr. Dawes, Mr. Cockrell, Mr. Morrill, and Mr. Plumb,

Mr. PLUMB. Mr. President, I ask for the adoption of the resolutions.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions proposed by the Senator from Kansas [Mr. Plumb].

The resolutions were agreed to; and accordingly the Senate adjourned.

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ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF DUDLEY C. HASKELL

(A REPRESENTATIVE FROM KANSAS).

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Address of Mr. RYAN, of Kansas.

Mr. SPEAKER: I enter upon this sad duty with a sorrow made poignant by the memory of years of uninterrupted friendship.

DUDLEY C. HASKELL was my associate and colleague in Congress from 1876 to the date of his death. We entered upon Congressional life at the same time. Our relations were always cordial, and were never interrupted by hasty word or unpleasant incident. We conferred concerning our personal interests and public duties with the fullest confidence and without reserve. His sympathy and aid in the discharge of the trusts assigned me I could always command.

My friend and colleague is no more! After a long and heroic struggle against resistless disease, he died at his rooms in this city about half past 4 o'clock of the Sabbath morning, the 16th day of December last.

Mr. HASKELL was born at Springfield, Vt., March 23, 1842, and was, as will be seen, still a young man when cut down. He was the son of Franklin Haskell and Almira Chase. His father's family is traditionally traceable to Saxony. They came to America from Scotland, and were among the first who settled in the historic town of Salem, Mass. Subsequent settlements were made by some

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of them in Connecticut and Vermont. His mother belonged to an old and numerous New England family of that name, some of whom attained to considerable distinction. His parents moved to Massachusetts when he was but two years old, where they continued to reside until September, 1854, when his father went to Kansas, followed by his mother and himself the ensuing March. In 1857 he went back to Springfield, Vt., where he attended school about a year, and then returned to his home and engaged in trade.

Soon after, however, and at the early age of seventeen years, he was moved by the prevailing excitement resulting from gold discoveries in Colorado to go to "Pike's Peak," the name by which that attractive region was then generally but somewhat vaguely known. Fickle fortune withholding her favor, he again sought his home in the fall of 1861, soon after the civil war had come to deluge the land with the blood of kindred. He entered the military service a lad of but nineteen years, and his superior qualities did not long await recognition, for he was soon assigned to the important position of superintendent of transportation of his division.

In January, 1863, he retired from the military service, and in the following March entered school at East Hampton, Mass. Remaining there for a time, he was admitted to Yale College, and took a special scientific course.

In November, 1865, he married Miss Harriet M. Kelsey, of Berkshire County, Massachusetts, a lady of culture and refinement, to whose beauty of character, untiring devotion, patient courage, high order of intellect, and splendid mental equipment Mr. HASKELL was largely indebted for his subsequent brilliant success.

Immediately after his marriage he returned with his young bride to his Kansas home, in the city of Lawrence, where he engaged in mercantile pursuits, in which he continued with indifferent success until 1876. He entered political life, however, in 1871, when he was elected to the lower house of the Kansas legislature. At that time it was not his purpose to remain in public life, but rather to enter the profession of the law, a field of service for which he was exceptionally well fitted by his remarkable perceptive powers, analytic faculties, terseness and cogency of logic, and perspicuity and

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affluence of diction. Subsequent events diverted him from this purpose and gave his remaining years to the business of legislation. In 1873 he was again elected to the State legislature, and still again in 1875, when he was chosen speaker of the house. As member and speaker he gave evidence of abilities and developed an aptitude for legislative duties that suggested his candidacy for Congress, and in 1876 he was elected to the lower House of the Forty-fifth Congress, and was successively chosen to the Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, and Forty-eighth Congresses.

When Mr. HASKELL entered the Forty-fifth Congress many important interests of his district were greatly in need of legislative relief. To this work he at once applied himself with such diligence that before he had completed his second term ample legislation for that purpose had been secured. He was vigilant and active respecting all matters of interest to Kansas, and there is little of Federal legislation affecting her development upon which he has not left his impress.

He was fond of his constituents and proud of his State. In conversation he delighted to dwell upon the early struggles and triumphs of the young Commonwealth. He indulged a just pride in having borne a part in all her vicissitudes. When but a lad of thirteen years he participated in the contests and shared in the privations of the period. Fresh from his New England home, imbued with a love of freedom and prompted by the zeal inspired by the passions of the time, he shouldered his rifle and with his command marched forth to battle for human liberty.

Mr. HASKELL was gifted with a splendid physique, being considerably over six feet high and symmetrically proportioned. His bodily strength was great, and he was passionately fond of athletic sports.

In thought, speech, and action he was vigorous and aggressive. It seemed impossible for him to be lukewarm or apathetic in the performance of any task or the discharge of any duty. Though it were but a friendly office in one of the Departments of the Government for some humble constituent, he undertook it with cheerful alacrity. If the recognition of the presiding officer were sought, it

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was with tone so commanding and vigor of purpose so evident, that the Chair found it easier to respect than to ignore. Whether debating a question of order or discussing a great public measure, he summoned all the resources of body and mind, and directed them against the position of his adversary with an energy that must have put his nerve power to serious test and materially impaired his vital forces.

Mr. HASKELL was a diligent student, especially of history and political economy. With the entire history of his own country and its legislation he made himself as thoroughly familiar as though he had lived through it and borne a part in it.

For the legislative arena he was in all respects splendidly equipped. To every duty assigned him he brought the most thorough preparation. He made himself master of every principle, every detail, and every accessible fact pertaining to the subject. Just in his purpose, with preparation never inadequate, with a sagacity that always chose the strongest position, and a courage that was invincible, he proved himself on this floor to be a "foeman worthy of the steel" of the ablest and the most undaunted. It was only after the fullest investigation and the most careful deliberation that he reached important conclusions, and then he was as unyielding in his convictions as he was zealous in their defense. Though often impetuous, ardent, and nervously energetic in what he undertook, he was yet cool, prudent, wise, and sagacious in counsel. He was

> A combination and a form, indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man.

There were two great subjects to which my late colleague gave exhaustive study and profound thought—polygamy in the Territories and the system of protection to American industry.

He regarded polygamy not merely as a crime against society, defiling and perverting those family relations and home ties which are the very flower of our civilization, but as an organized and defiant enemy of our Government and its institutions. Thus believing, he determined to attack it with all the legislative powers that

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it was practicable to invoke for its destruction. When the Forty-seventh Congress met he moved against it promptly, planting himself upon the broad proposition that to send to this body a polygamous representative of that great crime was an offense against the honor and dignity of the House of Representatives. After a memorable struggle he was sustained and the Delegate-elect refused a seat. He subsequently championed the bill for the suppression of polygamy in the Territories, and pursued it with marked parliamentary skill and energy to a successful issue.

But it was the subject of tariff revision which so largely engaged the attention of the House at the closing session of the last Congress that brought into active exercise his rarest talent for debate and his consummate skill in the application of parliamentary law. It was that notable parliamentary struggle that brought him conspicuously before the country as one of the ablest expounders and strongest advocates of that great economic system. To this subject he doubtless devoted profounder study and more thorough investigation than to any other that had ever challenged his attention. He represented an agricultural people, and the great problem presented for his solution was the effect and influence of the system of protection upon the chief industry of his own people. To this end he traversed the domains of history, science, philosophy, and precedent, and it was the light thus gained that made his pathway clear and determined his purpose beyond fear or cavil. Those present who were members of the last Congress need not be reminded with what force of logic, comprehensiveness of information, and patient mastery of details he supported his matured convictions on this floor. Nor can it be doubted that the intense mental strain, long continued, and the excessive labor which characterized the part he bore in that memorable contest sapped his vital forces, destroyed his capacity for natural and healthful repose, and left him an easy prey to insidious and fatal disease.

DUDLEY C. HASKELL'S private life was without a stain. From boyhood his was a career of religious fervor. His faith was implicit and sublime. He knew his God as surely as he knew the

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tranquil beauty of the stars or the meridian splendor of the sun. No lingering doubt disturbed his belief in the divinity of Jesus Christ and a future state of eternal bliss. To him death was the gateway to an eternity of purity, serenity, and joy. The work of the church and the Sabbath school was to him a labor of love. So high and pure were the order and quality of his character that he was an easy master of every temptation.

His home was to him the one spot on earth of supreme felicity, typical of that higher home and more numerous family to which he has been summoned. His great heart was entirely consecrated to his family. His affection for wife and children was as sweet and pure as a mother's kiss. His was the home of peace, confidence, and contentment. No vision of glory could dim the luster of his fireside, no ambition dull the calm delights of his hearthstone. It was the abiding place of all the domestic virtues. Chief and empress of them all reigned Love, around whose throne shone the mellow light of Christian charity—

> **The spot where angels find a resting place**
> **When, bearing blessings, they descend to earth.**

Mr. HASKELL was a steadily and even a rapidly growing man. Each succeeding effort surpassed the last. In him were possibilities that pointed to the best and proudest results of statesmanship. He relied upon hard work rather than upon genius. His definition of ability was intelligent industry. He regarded genius and talent as infant energies that could only be developed into robust manhood by the severest toil.

His early death must be considered a national calamity. The great principles he so ardently espoused and so powerfully maintained have sustained a grievous loss. The vigorous and stalwart young State he in part represented with so much honor and fidelity bows under the burden of her great bereavement. Just, genial, honorable, and artless, he has gone to his reward.

> **His life was gentle: and the elements**
> **So mixed in him that nature might stand up**
> **And say to all the world—"This is a man!"**

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I seem to see now in fancy my departed friend on that far shore, his once soaring spirit in peaceful repose at last, basking in the glad sunlight of an eternal morning. From that infinite height may we not fancy him comprehending in the vast sweep of his perfected vision the places, events, and interests that attracted his thoughts and engaged his energies in life? So shall he look down upon a grateful country, her reverent millions paying the tribute of tears to one who served their interests faithfully, whose devotion to the cause of social regeneration and whose championship of the rights and dignity of American labor challenged their sincere admiration. In the van of them all will he behold the sorrowing hosts of his own State, watering his grave with tears and bedecking it with lily and immortelle. When these flowers fade and their fragrance perishes, surviving affection will rear a sculptured column above his dust, and the enduring marble itself shall crumble and decay ere his name and fame fade from recollection.

Address of Mr. KELLEY, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. SPEAKER: The premature death of so enlightened and courageous a legislator as Hon. DUDLEY C. HASKELL was an event to be solemnly commemorated. It was more than a bereavement to his family and friends. It was a national calamity.

When, at the close of the Forty-seventh Congress, on the 4th of March last, I parted from him it was with a feeling of affectionate gratitude for the generous manner in which he had assumed in the Committee on Ways and Means and in the conduct of the business of the committee on the floor of the House duties which belonged to me, but for the energetic performance of which a hideous disease was day by day disqualifying me. I felt that after years of pleasant and, to me, instructive association, our pathways now finally diverged; that he, with his giant frame, his active and cultivated intellect, his indomitable energy and simple habits of life, went forth to long years of usefulness while I should seek the repose and endearment of home with an abiding apprehension that my tenure of life would not endure until Congress should reassemble.

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Let no man attempt to foretell the mysterious issues of life and death, for it is true now as it was before the flood that of two in a field or two grinding at a mill, one shall be taken and the other left. In this case the vigorous youth has gone and the diseased old man, restored to health, lives to mourn the loss of his gifted and young colaborer.

Mr. HASKELL'S life was one of ceaseless activity. Conscious of the power with which he was endowed, he regarded it as a trust held in use for others, and though his form was that of Hercules his mental energy and indomitable will exhausted it at so early an age as to justify us in asserting that death claimed him prematurely.

Born in Vermont, he received his elementary education in his native town, Springfield, and emigrated with his mother to Lawrence, Kans., when but thirteen years old. In less than two years from his settlement in Lawrence he enrolled himself in what was known as Stubb's militia, and bore his part in the labors and perils of those turbulent days of border life as heroically as did the brawniest man in the corps. Released from military service, he returned to Springfield in 1857, entered the high school, and remained as a pupil for something more than a year, when he returned to Lawrence and found employment in a commercial house. He enjoyed the excitement of extreme frontier life during the summers of 1859 and 1860 in Colorado, then known as Pike's Peak, and in 1861 found an acceptable field of labor in the Quartermaster's Department of the Union Army, in which he rendered two years of faithful service. Notwithstanding his love of adventure it never quenched his yearning desire for knowledge, and, having obtained further preparatory education, he entered Yale College and passed about two years in a special scientific course of instruction and of commercial education.

Having married Miss Kelsey, of Berkshire, Mass., in December, 1865, Mr. HASKELL again returned to Lawrence and engaged in business. His was not, however, to be a life of quiet and domestic happiness, for which he was abundantly fitted, as was shown by the affectionate dignity with which he ever treated his wife, and the tender affection he lavished upon his two little

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daughters. He seems to have been predestined to legislative life. His representative career began in 1872 and was cut short by his demise in 1883. Meanwhile he had been elected three times consecutively to the legislature of Kansas; and had in 1876 been spontaneously chosen speaker of the house of representatives. In the fall of that year he was chosen to represent the second district of the State in the Congress of the United States, to which body he was re-elected in 1878, 1880, and 1882.

When first elected to Congress he was but thirty-four years of age. His district was large in territory, and his unusually numerous constituency increased with a rapidity possible only in the most fertile and accessible of our frontier States. It was a purely agricultural district, but the interests involved in this department of industry in connection with those growing out of Indian affairs, railroad operations, the settlement of immigrants under pre-emption and homestead laws made demands upon him exacting enough to test the strength and patience of the most vigorous and devoted Representative; yet, while neglecting none of these interests, Mr. HASKELL found time to study diligently and with appreciative interest the economic laws which promote the progress of nations in population, wealth, and intelligence.

Looking beyond the district he had been chosen to represent, and the magnificent young Commonwealth of which it was a part, he was ever ready to give careful and conscientious consideration to the most minute interest of the citizens of any State which might be affected by proposed legislation. He had read the writings of the masters of the British school of political economy, and his tenacious memory was charged with the language in which most of the specious fallacies they announce as self-evident truths had been expressed; but his trenchant habits of investigating theories, by whomsoever propounded, had saved him from their intellectual domination and given to the doctrines of social science and national economy, as distinguished from political economy, a capable and courageous propagandist.

He was fond of illustrating the absurdity of the accepted dogmas of political economy by reference to one of the fundamental

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propositions of its most generally accepted teachers, Malthus and Ricardo.

The fundamental assumption on which these masters based much of their system, and on the correctness of which they were accepted as the highest British authorities, was, that guided by an unerring instinct of self-interest, men always settle first upon the richest lands and when these are occupied their successors are forced to spend their labor on inferior and ever-increasingly inferior lands, so that by this "inflexible law" the means of human sustenance would increase in but arithmetical progression while people to require sustenance would increase geometrically. From this assumption, the falsity of which the early history of every country displays, these accepted authorities had reached the conclusion that war, pestilence, and famine are beneficent agencies provided by a kind Providence to prevent mankind from passing through civilization into cannibalism as the result of the overpopulation of the earth.

Mr. HASKELL'S was a devoutly religious nature, and though he may not at first have been able to successfully dispute the premises or overthrow the logic of Malthus and Ricardo he doubted their premises and shrunk from the impious conclusion that an all-powerful and beneficent God, in ordering His providence, had so adjusted it that the horrors of overpopulation must forever cloud the social atmosphere; and that the sole agent for correcting this false adjustment of means to ends provided by the Almighty was the ghastly trinity of war, pestilence, and famine.

On the fertile prairies and slopes of Kansas young HASKELL found nature's demonstration of the absurdity of this "dismal" assumption, and her refutation of the logic by which this impious assault on the goodness of God had been enforced. The proof Kansas furnished the seemingly sterile slopes and hills of Colorado corroborated. Observation taught him that neither individual immigrants nor colonies ever settled first upon the best lands of the country into which they go as pioneers. These lands have ever been, as they now are, the bottom lands, which can not be adapted to the uses of social life till population and capital have accumu-

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lated in force and power sufficient for their adequate drainage and the application of other costly prerequisites to healthful occupation; primitive settlement always takes place on uplands, which natural drainage prepares for human occupation. The study of the progress of the early settlement of the British Islands and of the topography of early British traffic and post-roads would have saved Malthus and Ricardo from the amazing blunder of predicating their pretentious works on so glaring a fallacy.

The discussion of the problems of national economy was a passion with Mr. HASKELL; and yet he never carried with him on the stump a protectionist authority. His favorite book for campaign purposes was Bastiat's Sophisms of the Protectionists. His method was, so he told me, to read one or more of Bastiat's most plausible propositions, and then to proceed to refute them by appeals to the personal knowledge and experience of his auditors. Representing an agricultural constituency and State, he believed devoutly in the maintenance of a protective tariff as the only effective means of developing all the resources of the country and of cementing its unity by that law which produces the most perfect harmony of interests as the result of the widest possible diversity of pursuits; and his intelligence and the zeal with which he sought to propagate his economic faith had persuaded me that there lay before him a career of national usefulness which personal aptitudes and the course of events open to but few men of a generation.

Mr. HASKELL, with his herculean frame, his deep voice, and his sometimes sternly Puritan visage, was a genial companion and in all the honorable strifes of public life a generous foe. An incident, which I may without impropriety mention, will serve to show the frankness and generosity of his nature. The time approached for closing general debate on the tariff bill, which the Committee on Ways and Means had reported to the House with a favorable recommendation. This honorable duty belonged to me as chairman of the committee that had reported the bill; but in view of the physical and nervous prostration from which I was suffering I shrunk from its performance, and would have gladly confided it to either Mr. HASKELL or Major McKinley of Ohio, be-

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tween whom and myself there was most perfect accord. But while I rejoiced in the fact that I had these two thoroughly instructed and trustworthy colleagues upon whom to devolve the duty, I could not determine to which the honor belonged, and submitted the question to the parties themselves for settlement. Upon what grounds it was determined I have never heard; but it was agreed that Mr. HASKELL should make the closing speech.

Early on the 27th of January, 1883, Major McKinley submitted his views to the House and commanded an unusual measure of attention. Sound in argument and aptly illustrated by facts drawn from our past and current history and that of foreign manufacturing nations, the speech exhibited his complete mastery of the great subject of economic science. As he took his seat members crowded about him to thank and congratulate him. Early among these was our friend HASKELL; his tall figure towering above those who preceded him, and with his long arm outstretched above them toward the hero of the occasion, he said with much earnestness, "McKinley, I shall make the last speech in favor of the bill, but you have closed the debate, and I thank you for your splendid effort."

This generous incident was thoroughly characteristic of the man; but he who would fully appreciate the generous impulse that prompted it should read the speech with which its author did, in less than two hours, proceed to close the debate. It abounded in facts, each statement of which was uttered as an illustration of well-considered doctrine; and though it contained no allusion to the impious doctrines of Malthus and his disciple Ricardo, it is in itself their specific refutation. One of its leading objects was to show that the agricultural States needed diversification of employments; that the workshop and the factory should be located in the midst of diversified agriculture; that farming communities which depended on distant markets for their productions were compelled to sell the vital elements of their soil and to thus diminish the rewards of their future labor; and that the establishment of manufacturing and commercial centers in the midst of agricultural communities, by furnishing markets for green crops, spring vegeta-

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bles, lamb, veal, eggs, and other small products of the farm, not only enhanced the value of land, but increased its productive power by producing natural fertilizers, so that instead of increase of population tending to famine, in connection with good husbandry it tended to increase of production and more abundant means of subsistence.

That speech was an illustration of the power and noble aim of DUDLEY C. HASKELL, and should be distributed widely enough to keep his memory green in every homestead of the State he loved so well and in the service of whose people he sacrificed his life by unresting toil that exhausted a young giant's vital forces.

Address of Mr. TUCKER, of Virginia.

Mr. SPEAKER: When death stills forever the heart of its victim calumny and enmity stand silent, partisan and personal animosity are hushed, and friendship and charity unite to weave garlands of amaranthine flowers for the new tomb, to commemorate the virtues and to signalize the immortality of the lamented dead. This House meets to-day to pay a merited tribute of honor and respect for our departed comrade, Hon. DUDLEY C. HASKELL.

I knew Mr. HASKELL, not from personal intimacy, but from my relations to his public service in this House and upon the Committee on Ways and Means during the Forty-seventh Congress. He was a native of Vermont, but in early life sought as his residence the new State of Kansas, which came into the Union after unusual disturbances of its peace and order during its territorial life. Mr. HASKELL was an earnest Republican, and no doubt partook somewhat of the intense feelings which had marked the early history of Kansas; and these gave decided direction to his political opinions. He was a strong partisan, and yet kind and liberal in his personal intercourse with his political opponents.

I found him on committee very diligent, practical, and earnest in all its labors. Decided in his convictions, he had the courage which they inspire in maintaining his opinions. He took a very

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prominent part in the last Congress in the debates in committee and in the House upon the tariff question, and manifested great zeal and industry in the investigation of the facts, statistics, and principles which, in his view, should guide the policy of the Governmet upon that very controverted question.

Upon questions involving the rights and interests of his own people, including those of Indians inhabiting the State of Kansas, he was vigilant and untiring. He spoke always with great earnestness and with abilities which were practical, direct, and instructive. He was remarkable for great industry, and acquired with diligence all the information which in his judgment would reflect light upon the subject under discussion.

In all my relations with him we were friends. No word or action on either part was ever designed, I am sure, to wound the feelings or to disturb these cordial sentiments; and with this happy retrospect of our friendship I am glad on this occasion to pay this brief and imperfect tribute to the public and private integrity, to the patriotism and ability of an honored citizen, and to the private virtues of my departed friend. He has left an honorable public record, the character of an honest and upright man, and the memory of private and domestic virtues which will keep his memory green in the hearts of the people of his State, of his personal friends, and, above all, of his bereaved and loving household.

Address of Mr. KEIFER, of Ohio.

Mr. SPEAKER: By the death of DUDLEY C. HASKELL the country lost an eminent statesman and this House a valued member.

It is proper that the ordinary course of legislation should stand still, and that we should pause in our own daily course to honor his memory, imbibe a lesson from his example in life, and take heed from his early death.

Others will speak of his last hours. I will only attempt to bear testimony, in brief words, to his excellent life.

Says a famed writer (Johnson): "It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives."

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Mr. HASKELL died young and in the full bloom of a useful public life. Born March 24, 1842, he died December 16, 1883, less than forty-two years of age. Though of New England parents and birth, he was at thirteen years of age upon the plains of Kansas, and in an essential sense engaged at the beginning of the long and bloody battle for human freedom, which ended only after half a million of men were slain by the surrender of the insurgent armies in 1865. I have heard him speak of standing with his hand in his mother's, behind the rude parental habitation in Kansas, when but a youth, to avoid the bullets fired by those who sought to carry slavery into the fair territory west of Missouri.

From patriotic, freedom-loving lips of parents and in the fierce struggle to stay aggressive slavery in its threatening efforts to secure supremacy DUDLEY C. HASKELL early learned heroic lessons which guided him through life. He was a volunteer soldier in the late war.

He served three terms in the house of representatives of the State of Kansas, the last term as its speaker. He was a distinguished public educator. He served three full terms in this House, including the Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, and Forty-seventh Congresses, and he was here, though prostrated on his death-bed, with hopeful anxiety to take the oath of office and enter upon a term in this House to which he had been by his constituents elected. Through his friends he besought the Speaker to find some justifiable precedent or constitutional right to go to his bedside and qualify him as a member of this House by administering to him the oath prescribed by law and the Constitution. He had a colleague select him a seat, which he prayed to be spared to occupy. He, prompted by duty to his constituents and to his country, besought the privilege, through a colleague, to offer a large number of bills he had prepared, so that they might go early to committees. His thoughts in his last hours were of duty here, though his malady was of a kind that caused him much bodily pain.

Death brought peace and tranquillity to a busy, restless soul, and changed duty on earth and to his fellow-man to other and higher duties in realms above.

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He was a firm believer in God and a better life beyond the grave, and he lived an honest, pure, Christian life, worthy of example to all.

He was a man of firm convictions and keen perceptions of the right. He was opposed to slavery, to polygamy, and to every evil that degraded the human race. He was no fanatic. He gave a reason for his belief, and generally found the right one. His sanguine temperament gave him the appearance at times of being hasty in reaching and expressing conclusions on grave questions. But he was a student, and made his researches patiently and generally alone; and when his mind was satisfied he zealously tried to impress his views upon others. He gave little, if any, time to idle speculation over important subjects, but preferred by study to exhaust them before he talked much about them.

He was temperate in his habits, and only intemperate in his ceaseless toil. He had little time for social life, not that he was averse to it, but because he regarded it time lost. Perhaps more of social commingling and less of constant application to what he regarded his higher duty would have prolonged his life and his usefulness.

His great, strong body was too seldom relaxed, and, as a consequence, physical exhaustion came, followed by death.

The sum of his work in his six years of Congressional life is great, and in point of material usefulness to his country equals the best of his colleagues or predecessors.

In the beginning of the American Congress a member of this House represented about 30,000 inhabitants. Mr. HASKELL received, when elected to the Forty-seventh Congress, 30,758 votes, and there were cast in his district at the same election 54,495 votes, representing a population of probably 275,000, enough to have given above nine Representatives in the first Congress. The average population of a district, based on the population of 1880, is 151,912.

It is not in the matter of population alone that we find evidence of multiplied duties for members of this House over those of members of earlier days. It is more marked in the new, multiplied, and diversified interests of the present as compared with those of

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the earlier and simpler days of the Republic. The duties of a member now exceed the necessary duties of a member in earlier days so much that comparison is hardly possible. His duties then and now can more appropriately be placed in contrast than in comparison.

We look to remote times for the higher types of statesmanship because we are too apt to revere, indiscriminately, men and things of the past. I believe modern statesmen are purer, abler, harder-worked if not wiser men than their predecessors.

When Mr. HASKELL was made a member of the Ways and Means Committee of this House in the last Congress, he was not specially familiar with the details of the important business to be brought before it, yet when it ended its labors with the Congress he was master of the subjects before that committee. None excelled him. His labors bore fruits which have ripened in the sunshine of material progress and have been garnered by a busy, prosperous nation. He loved and clung to his wife and children. They loved him. Mr. HASKELL fell at his post of life's duty. He so lived as to be ready and prepared to die. He successfully tried to do his duty to his country, his family, and to his God. His body was borne from the scene of his toil and public life here to his Western home, and buried there with honor in the midst of a people who knew, loved, and trusted him. They were proud of him in life; he of them. Dead, they honor and revere his memory. He fought for the rights and liberties of man, and went down in the fore front. His whole career blossomed with patriotism and love for his fellow-men. He lies buried among a restless, dauntless, ambitious people. This is eminently fitting and proper.

Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

And further, in the words of England's laureate:

Such was he: his work is done;
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure,
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory.

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Address of Mr. McKINLEY, of Ohio.

Mr. SPEAKER: I cannot permit this occasion to pass without adding a word expressive of my high appreciation of the character and qualities of our late associate, and of the deep sorrow I feel in common with many others at his early and premature death.

I knew DUDLEY C. HASKELL well and intimately. We entered Congress at the same time, seven years ago, and early in our service here became friends. This friendship grew warmer, closer, and more confiding until the day of his death. During the last Congress it was my fortune to be a fellow-member of the same committee, and almost daily for months we sat side by side in the committee room. It was there I came to learn his virtues and appreciate his high qualities of head and heart. He was a valued friend, unselfish and always manly, and a steady ally in committee or on the floor of the House. He was a man of pure thought and lofty purposes, keen perception and clear judgment, whose life was helpful to all who came within the circle of his influence, and whose strong individuality impressed itself upon the affairs in which he took part.

He was a man of great integrity. There were no dark corners in his character to be hid from sight; his life was an open book of rare worth, without blur or defect. His politics, like his religion, were born of genuine conviction. He loved liberty, and hated oppression and proscription in every form. He would become eloquent and his words glowed with rare fervor in his recital of the early struggles of his State for liberty and free government. He had convictions and they pierced and possessed his soul. They were a part of him, and he never lacked the courage to utter them. He was a man of stern will and unremitting industry. He never spared himself or shirked duty, responsibility, or labor. He was an indefatigable worker, often touching the extreme limit of physical possibilities. He was not only a student but he was a scholar; however, most of his intellectual equipment was self-acquired and earned outside of college walls. He never stopped until he had

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mastered the subject in hand. He built from the bottom, digging deep, and he always builded well.

He was a strong debater, with a voice which could penetrate every part of this Hall; with great readiness, a commanding presence, and a well-stored mind, he stood in the front rank of the ablest and best of his fellow-members.

In the Forty-seventh Congress he took a high place among his associates, and had he been permitted to take his seat in this Congress he would have stood abreast of those to whom we gladly accord the rank of leadership.

Death claimed him at the very threshold of a great career—at the moment when he seemed best prepared for wider usefulness and for the achievement of higher triumphs, when he appeared best fitted to serve his State and country. But he is gone. DUDLEY C. HASKELL is no longer among us, called by a wise Providence from this presence. We bow to this decree, pausing only a little while to-day, not to question the inscrutible mysteries of that Providence or to challenge His ordering, but to pay our last tribute, give our heart offerings to one who in life we loved and honored, and who, though removed from these scenes forever, leaves behind naught but memories most pleasing and reflections most instructive, and the record of a life the study of which cannot fail to make us better citizens, wiser and more faithful representatives of the people. His family have lost the devoted husband and the affectionate and generous father, his district and State a strong Representative on this floor, the country at large a wise and patriotic public servant, and all of us a faithful friend and valuable associate.

Address of Mr. RICE, of Massachusetts.

Mr. SPEAKER: Mr. HASKELL was born in Vermont in 1842. When he was less than a year old his father moved to Massachusetts. The father was a strong, energetic, restless man, of that peculiar New England type who have carried and planted the principles and institutions of the Puritans from Plymouth to Ore-

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gon. During the ten years he lived in Massachusetts he was a resident in half as many different towns, making his mark in all as a man of spirit and vigor but finding a settled home in none. At last, in 1853, he came to North Brookfield, a town in my own county, then, as now, famous for the manufacture of boots and shoes. In that beautiful village, under the shadow of the largest boot factory in the world, he rested in his wanderings and fancied he had found permanent shelter and home. Dudley attended the public school during its sessions, and worked in the boot factory in odd hours and vacations. Pegging machines, except of human flesh and blood, had not then been invented, and the little fellow pegged brogans made of unbleached russet leather for the Southern market. He was industrious and earned good wages, but is still remembered as sometimes apparently forgetting his work and losing himself in reverie. He was called absent-minded. Was he dreaming of the time when he should stand, the central figure to thousands of eyes, uttering words to be read by millions, influential in shaping the laws of the Republic, freest and most imperial of history?

With characteristic enterprise, the father invested all his resources in constructing from an abandoned church a four-tenement house. It was nearly finished for its new purpose, when, on the night of July 4, 1854, it was burned to the ground. The father was ruined, financially, by the calamity; to the son it opened the career which was to lead on and up to the high places of the land.

In 1854 Kansas was a wilderness. The tide of emigration had reached the great rivers; all along its path the struggle had been waged, with varying fortune, between the spirit of freedom and of slavery. On the borders of the new Territory the rival forces mustered for desperate conflict—should Kansas be slave or free? It seemed as if on the answer to that question hung the mighty issue whether freedom or slavery should forever rule the Republic. Far away on the Atlantic coast, Massachusetts watched the conflict and essayed her best endeavors that Kansas should be free. An emigrant aid association was organized; Eli Thayer of Worcester was its projector, Amos Lawrence of Boston its banker, Charles

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Robinson of Fitchburg its pioneer. A surveying party was sent out in the spring of 1854 who selected a site for a city and named it Lawrence. In August, 1854, the second party of emigrants left Worcester under the lead of Charles Robinson; they were tall men and strong; they were inspired by that strange, fierce instinct, that love of adventure mingled with devotion to a cause, which has impelled the Saxon race westward from the center of Northern Europe over ocean and continent, planting everywhere the pillars of a civilization higher and stronger than the world had known before.

In this company of emigrants was Mr. Haskell, senior. The month before, all his worldly wealth had vanished in smoke and ashes. With undaunted heart he turned his back upon his past, his face set towards an unknown and perilous future. I saw him that summer afternoon as he commenced his journey for a new home and a free one. In one hand he carried his blanket, in the other his Sharps rifle.

He did not return; but, in the following March, Dudley and his mother, with another company, joined the earlier settlers, and found their home in Lawrence.

The father survived but three years. An elder brother stepped into the vacant place, and was to Dudley both brother and father. He urged and helped him to study, and thereby fitted him for the useful and conspicuous life—all too brief—for which he was destined. At the age of thirty-four he was the honored Representative in Congress of the great State with nearly a million people which was an unpopulated wilderness when, a boy of fifteen, he first set foot upon its soil.

First elected to the Forty-fifth Congress, he was prevented by sickness from taking the oath on the first day of the session. Many days later he made his appearance, and we saw for the first time his tall, erect, stalwart figure on this floor.

I can see his face as I saw it then, fixed, earnest, resolved, and as I recall it I fancy that I discern that absent, far-away, dreamy expression his comrades saw on it when he was a boy.

From his entrance here he was a marked man. His command-

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ing figure and powerful voice enabled him to force his way to the front in the stormy debates in which he so often took a part. Sometimes in the early part of his service we might think that he spoke too often and with too little forethought, but we soon learned that he was sincere and earnest; that he never spoke without an honest purpose, and that his very vehemence was but the effort of his strong but not thoroughly disciplined intellect to force its thoughts into proper and consistent phrase. No man grew more rapidly than he in confidence, esteem, and influence. He soon ceased to be a scout, a skirmisher, a sharp-shooter, and became a leader of the center columns. About him were men, veterans in service, who had made party issues, questions of political economy, their study for scores of years; others trained and disciplined by the tough contests of professional life, and others polished and refined by the highest culture of this most cultured age; but among them all none were more conspicuous in the great debates of the last Congress than this young man of Kansas, who, through an unsettled childhood, a destitute orphanage, a hand-to-hand struggle for bread and a place among his fellows, at forty years seemed to have reached but the beginning of his development.

Six brief, bright years of public service, and, "weary with the march of life," he fell—and perished? No, he lives yet—we may not say in what other sphere—he lives here, in the memory of what he did, teacher, example, guide to the young men of the land.

Without early advantages he did not despond, but constantly pressed forward in usefulness and distinction. Engrossed in exacting occupation, he never forgot the wife and children who loved him for his unselfish, unremitting thoughtfulness and care. Poor, wanting many things, sometimes hardly pressed, he was always honest; no bribe ever crossed his hand, no thought of illicit gain ever sullied his pure and upright manhood.

He was ambitious. Let us not deny it. "He bore the banner with the strange device, excelsior." Let us not blame, but praise him for it. Ambition is one of God's best gifts to men. It forces them out of low surroundings, out of ignorance and sloth, into the

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higher sunlight on the hills. It has its victims. De Long, dying in the snow, was one; Gordon, going alone to the succor of outlying posts of civilization, may be another; but the world is better for them; it builds temples to their memory, sacred places wherein we worship and give thanks that patience, heroism, and high aspiration are still omnipotent in the soul of man. HASKELL was ambitious to serve well and deserve much. He accomplished his wish, but in doing it he assumed burdens he could not carry long.

Fallen in his prime, we mourn for him as a friend; but we are proud of him as another example of what can be done in this free land, in self development and advancement, by those who will and work.

Address of Mr. RUSSELL, of Massachusetts.

Mr. SPEAKER: We pause from our legislative duties to-day to pay homage to no ordinary man.

DUDLEY CHASE HASKELL, the departed statesman, whose loss the whole country deeply mourns, possessed qualities of head and heart which commanded respect and admiration, not only at his home and in his State, where he was longer known, but in this arena which so severely tries and tests all men.

Mr. Speaker, I cannot claim an intimate acquaintance with Mr. HASKELL, as I saw but little of him in the private walks of life; but born as he was in my native State, Vermont, I had a watchful interest and natural pride in his public career. In the Forty-sixth Congress I only knew him as a ready and fearless debater on the floor of the House. The earnestness with which he espoused every great cause that came before Congress impressed his associates that he was interested and actuated by conscientious motives. A most striking illustration of this is his brilliant and powerful speech in the first session of the Forty-seventh Congress, in which he so ably discussed and denounced in such scathing terms that wicked system of polygamy, which has so long tarnished and disgraced our national reputation.

In the last Congress, where we were thrown together in the

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Committee on Ways and Means, I became intimate with him. I saw him wrestle day by day for several weeks, with all the power and enthusiasm of his nature, with that great economic problem—the tariff. This committee, owing to the short time it had to revise the work of the Tariff Commission, gave no public hearings, which forced the representatives of the numerous interests to be affected by tariff legislation to seek personal interviews with the members of the committee. The daily attendance of members at the sessions of the committee and House necessitated those interviews at the homes of the members, which tended to lengthen the days and shorten the nights, testing their physical capacity almost beyond endurance. It was this long and incessant labor which laid, it is *believed*, the foundation of an illness from which Mr. HASKELL never recovered. He was untiring in his labors, and appeals to him to investigate the facts in relation to any interest touched by the bill then under consideration were never thrust aside; but his readiness to undertake and his capacity to understand were a marvel to all who came in contact with him.

As a representative from an agricultural State he occupied a somewhat advanced position on the question to which he devoted the last days of his Congressional life. But having spent his early life in New England, where he acquired his education, and where he had seen so fully illustrated the benefits and advantages of the protective tariff system, he espoused that cause, and ever after supported it with all his power, believing that it was not only for the best interest of his own State but for the whole country.

The bill which he helped to formulate in committee and so ably defended and advocated on the floor of the House became a law, and Congress adjourned. But that did not bring to Mr. HASKELL needed rest. Having a somewhat doubting constituency he devoted a large part of his vacation to carrying on, in public meetings and in print, the tariff discussion. Thus deprived of the opportunity to regain his wasted energies, when he came to Washington in November to resume his duties he was broken in health. Though he gradually failed after his arrival, neither his physician nor his immediate friends anticipated so sudden an end.

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He passed silently and peacefully away in the early dawn of Sunday, the 16th of December. The public had had no warning and were both shocked and surprised at his death.

This breaking up of strong men is a sufficient answer to the popular delusion that a Congressman's life is one of pleasure and idleness. If one yields to the demands of legislative duties and to the various appeals of his constituents it will most thoroughly test the ability and physical endurance of the strongest.

Mr. HASKELL'S life, though short in years, was large in accomplishment. He had served his country in the Army, his State with distinction as legislator, as speaker of the house, and in Congress for six years. To our limited view it would appear that at this early age, forty-one years, he was cut down at the threshold of his greatest usefulness.

In the presence of a higher wisdom and power we wonder, we regret, and reverently submit. If he was to be removed from us, I was glad of the privilege to be one to bear his remains to their last resting-place, and accompany that bereaved and stricken family to their small but beautiful cottage on that eminence overlooking the city of the living so long his home, and the city of the dead where he was laid.

There was something especially pleasant and attractive about the homestead he had provided for his family, and it seemed now fitting that it was situated next adjoining that of his older brother, his only surviving relative, between whom and himself there had always existed the most intimate and devoted attachment. The widow and the fatherless children may here live under the protecting shadow of their remaining staff, a brother's protecting care.

The love for our deceased fellow-member and the esteem in which he was held in the community in which he lived were shown by the general suspension of business and the draped private and public buildings on the day of his burial.

Mr. HASKELL'S true Christian character was not only appreciated and understood by his neighbors and the church to which he belonged but was known and felt by all who came within his influence.

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Though our friend has passed away, his pure and upright private and public life must leave an influence for good, and his rapid advancement and brilliant career may be an inspiration to the young men of his State and the country.

In Mr. HASKELL's death this Congress has lost an able member, the country a broad and progressive statesman, Kansas one of her largest-minded and noblest citizens, the widow a true and fond husband, the children a devoted and loving father.

Mr. Speaker, since we were selected from the people for this Congress seven of our number have been called to that undiscovered country whence no traveler returns. Certainly we are not without admonition or warning of the uncertainty of human life and that the grim messenger, Death, is no respecter of persons nor waits any allotted length of life.

Address of Mr. BURNES, of Missouri.

Mr. SPEAKER: DUDLEY C. HASKELL was my neighbor. His late constituents are neighbors of my constituents. Just across the mightiest and longest river on this continent he lived from boyhood to middle-age under my observation.

I cannot hope on this occasion to express satisfactorily the height or depth of my appreciation of his pure and exalted character, but silence would be a disappointment to the good people I have the honor to represent and an injustice to my State. A wide divergence in political sentiment creates no prejudice against the possessor of high personal integrity and profound moral worth.

Every intellect perhaps is dominated by some ideal man who exists and can only exist in the imagination. Outward circumstances and surroundings reduce the ideal at last to the practical, and myriad Utopias are forever abandoned and uncolonized. Mr. HASKELL had ideals and ideals, but he was never a dreamer. He sought not a limit in the limitless, a period in eternity, an eternity in human achievement. He believed in creation, but it was in the creation of labor, genius, and activity. With him speech was

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for light and enlightenment; and he held it vain and meaningless unless accompanied by constant, earnest work for the benefit and elevation of mankind. When Omnipotence determined upon the wonderful creations in, above, and around us, everything required time and labor save light. This He spake into existence by the divine command, "Let there be light!"

Mr. HASKELL was at once a believer and a worker. He believed in God and in labor also; in everything that was true and beautiful, and in every good work. He believed in his State and loved her. He believed in his people, and confided in and trusted them without reserve. He believed in his home, and made it, for himself and all its loved inmates, the holiest, happiest place on earth, loved and prized away above and beyond all the glamour and fascination with which the world allures. He believed in and loved the sunset, for he had seen it in Kansas, as it is seen nowhere else on the earth, reflected back through the golden bowels of the Rocky Range.

He was essentially the growth and product of Kansas. Born in a State which has been said to be the best in the Union to emigrate from, he carried with him to his new home on the banks of the Kaw all the sturdy elements of the New England character, whose groundwork is faith, patience, and perseverance. When scarcely ten years old he heard the whispered words of preparation for the historic struggles that drove African slavery from Kansas and added *Ad astra per aspera* to the Federal constellation. He had seen the assault, the charge, and the torch in his beautiful city of Lawrence; and further on had heard in the streets the murderous shouts of Quantrell and his demonjac legion rioting in the innocent blood of a hundred victims. Had he not been a Christian scenes like these might have made him a revengeful monster; but when the excitement was over, kneeling reverently in the midst of the dead and dying, if his lips did not utter, his heart responded to God, even in that terrible hour of death and ruin, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

He was the growth and product of Kansas; he was more. He was thoroughly Western and American besides. Anything that

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man had ever done he believed that man could still do. Self-reliant almost to rashness, he never hesitated in the line of duty to reach out for the possible. His investigation of a subject ended only in its mastery. To obscure or confuse it was alike impossible and unnecessary. He was ambitious, and had a right to be. In public life he found a restless yet fascinating pleasure. Success attended him. To the honors of collegiate labor were soon added those of his State and country. Worthily won, they were honorably worn. Achieved by honest merit, they were enlarged and burnished by honest toil and patriotic sacrifices. The trusts reposed in him were sacredly executed. His pledged word was inviolate. His political honor, equally with his personal honor, he kept sacred and spotless. True, brave, and steadfast, his acquaintances became his friends, and the latter were multiplied. His constituents followed him with pride. He was fit to lead. His arguments in this forum were repeated to them without evasion or apology. Frank and honest with his people, he could but be frank and honest with his colleagues on this floor. Seeking to represent faithfully his district and State, he yet had less of the laudible selfishness of local or geographical interests than any of his compeers, and was never unmindful of the great duties he owed to the whole country. He studied and toiled and struggled. Thorough in investigation, accurate in detail, logical in argument, and often eloquent in application and conclusion, he grew strong in debate, and advanced toward the leadership of his party. He was becoming a giant.

Elected a member of this Congress, his responsibilities were enlarged by the general recognition of his intellectual power. He seemed to realize the fact, and prepared himself to meet it. No command of his physicians, no appeal of his anxious friends, could swerve him from what he believed to be the path of duty. He believed the mind should dominate the body, whatever the stress or strain. He had thought much upon legislation, and saw, or thought he saw, the work of his hands in former Congresses about to be reviewed by his political adversaries. The sharp, keen con-

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flict of mind with mind and system with system was already before his eyes. He saw the coming all-night vigils, and the glare and heat of the fierce onset—the thrust, the parry, and the parliamentary blow. The tumult of action and cheers of victory resounded in his ears as, unconsciously, his vital force was departing, pitifully ominous of the end. At his post of duty, overtaxed and overburdened by the peculiar exactions of Congressional life in this House, the lamented HASKELL, like many another, died a martyr to his moral convictions of official obligation.

His life, in all of its relations, was singularly pure, winning, and lovable. As a neighbor, not a drop of Levitical blood was ever lodged in his veins. As a Christian, he was the same on the street as at the altar; on the last six days of the week as on the first. He reverenced his honored parents, and ever rendered them a cheerful obedience. His tenderness and unselfish love for his true and faithful wife grew into conjugal idolatry; and his absolute devotion to his gifted brother marked every word and act of his life. "Sir," said an old friend of the family, on the day of the funeral, "the father must have oft repeated to his sons the fable of the old man and the bundle of sticks, for never have I known brothers so loving and devoted to each other as John and Dudley Haskell." What a divine panegyric upon both!

Sir, there was no drought of tears in Kansas when your committee tenderly deposited the remains of DUDLEY C. HASKELL in the warm and generous bosom of his beloved Commonwealth. Every home wore the emblems of a tearful bereavement; from every eye fell pearly drops of sympathy, and in every heart was a throb of love for the living and the dead. Thus the grave closed over him beneath "an arch of steel."

The twin homes, side by side, on the limits of the beautiful and historic city of Missouri's neighboring sister, are sorely stricken. Not more the head of one than the light of the other, and the love of both, he is already seated in a higher congress than this, over which Jesus, our Saviour, in love and mercy unerringly presides.

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Address of Mr. BROWNE, of Indiana.

To our roll-call, Mr. Speaker, DUDLEY C. HASKELL no longer answers. He will meet us in council no more. His very silence admonishes us that our days are crowded with sorrows, that joy palls, hope misleads, and that

Life is but a walking shadow.

It teaches us the lesson of tolerance and humility, rebukes our pride, points us from a faded past, and bids us hope the glowing radiance of a future life.

My acquaintance with HASKELL began with the Forty-fifth Congress. We entered that Congress together, and from that time until his death, a period of seven eventful years, I was an almost daily witness of the ability and courage which he brought to the discharge of his official duties. When he took his seat in this body he was a young man of but thirty-five, in vigorous health, with muscle hardened by the athletic games and sports of his college days, the hardships of a camp life, and the activities of an exacting business. Among all his associates of the House none seemed to have a firmer hold or a longer lease on life. He appeared to be one whom Fate had reserved for a bright and useful manhood.

But he was called to rest as he was being fully equipped for labor. His life ended before its work had fairly begun; but short as was his career it had demonstrated a capacity for usefulness and gave promise of an illustrious future. When Death called him he was not

An old man, broken with the storms of state,

but was in the vigor of a just ripening manhood. It came when the heart beat high, when ambition was on the wing, when coming years were glowing with brightness.

Ah! what is human life?
How, like the dial's tardy moving shade,
Day after day slides from us unperceived!
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth;
Too subtle is the movement to be seen;
Yet soon the hour is up, and we are gone.

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Public men have sometimes lived too long, lived until the weaknesses of age entrapped them into a mistake that obscured the record of their earlier achievements; but he of whom we speak died all too soon. His resources had never been fully brought out. He had not been permitted to gather what he had sown, nor had he wrought a full day of labor. He had not attained the fullness of his intellectual growth. Before the opportunity came for bringing out his highest capabilities he was gone, and the world now can only measure him by the work he has left behind him. In the humble tribute I pay his memory to-day I will refer briefly to some of his traits of character as they impressed me during my acquaintance with him in this body, but the most I know of him I learned from the friends of his youth and of his manhood, whose eyes moistened and whose lips quivered as they gave me the story of his life.

Before coming here HASKELL had served with distinction in the general assembly of his State, and was well trained in the methods of legislative proceedings. He was from the beginning of his Congressional career recognized as among the foremost of his party. As an evidence of the estimate put on his ability by those with whom he served, he was assigned places upon the most important committees of the House. He was equal always to the duties he assumed.

In debate HASKELL talked well. He seldom wandered from his subject, and never fell below the level of the occasion. He was of a robust and well-disciplined mind, and capable of striking vigorous blows for what he believed to be right. In the declaration of his opinions he was bold and frank, and he maintained his views with great zeal. Of an active and aggressive temperament, he sometimes asserted his convictions with an earnestness that seemed dictatorial, but he was ever unconscious of a purpose to offend. Sanguine as he was he kept his temper under good control, and was seldom, even in the fiercest debate, betrayed into an offensive or intemperate expression. He asserted himself with much positiveness, and was unwilling to seek success through concession or surrender. To him doubts were traitors, and he never allowed them

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to enter the domain of his beliefs. He was quick in thought and prompt in action. His was

> The keen spirit
> That seizes the prompt occasion—makes the thought
> Start into instant action, and at once
> Plans and performs, resolves and executes.

He was a worker. His was a genius that not only furnished its "own fuel, but lighted its own fire." He never allowed his energies to stagnate.

Those of us who served with him in the Forty-seventh Congress will not soon forget how, through the weary days of the tariff and revenue discussion, he came every morning to the contest with his armory full of weapons both offensive and defensive. His nights were devoted to study, his days to work. When the House adjourned he became a learner; when it met he was a teacher. To me it seemed that he had mastered the minutest detail of the complex measure under consideration. The fullness of his information, the exactness of his knowledge of every branch of the subject, was a surprise to all who did not know his inflexible purpose and untiring energy.

It is more than probable that these labors so severely taxed his physical resources as to hasten his death; but as man's life-work is all he has to front eternity with, it is no cause for sorrow that the death wound is received on the field of duty. To know a man's real character, to pass correct judgment on his inner life—his life of motive, of affection, of devotion to duty—we must learn in what esteem he is held by those who have in prosperity and adversity seen his daily walk and conversation. Both adversity and prosperity try the forces of man's spiritual nature. HASKELL had seen both; had been depressed by the one and encouraged and comforted by the other. On the one hand business misfortunes had overtaken him, while on the other political preferment—through the expression of a people's confidence—had crowned him with honor.

At every step he had been confronted by a duty requiring for its

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performance a courageous manhood, and his neighbors who had witnessed these struggles bore cheerful testimony to their manfulness. His days were not all calm and bright; clouds gathered over them and shrouded them in shadow and darkness; but, standing within these shadows, he took the measure and method of the world's selfishness, felt the full force of the disaster that reduced him and his loved ones to the verge of poverty, but through it all his integrity and uprightness of character were not for a moment under a cloud. He never made money a god; never veteranized in the war for gold or became soul-scarred in the scramble for wealth. It became my sad duty, under the direction of this House, to accompany those who bore his remains to the city of his home, to the people among whom he had long lived and labored, and by whom he had been four times chosen a Representative here. The grief of his people was unmistakable.

A largely-attended public meeting of the citizens of Lawrence and surrounding country had met and given suitable expression of their sorrow for the loss of their honored fellow-citizen. The city was draped in mourning, and, as was said of Mirabeau, the people crowded "about the house of their tribune as if to catch inspiration from his coffin." In his death some had lost a counselor, some a leader, all a friend. The funeral services were held in the church in which he had been for years a worshiper, and here those who had wrought with him in the church and the Sabbath-school spoke feelingly and eloquently of the purity of his life and his faithfulness to every Christian duty.

HASKELL was an active worker in the church and a firm believer in the gospel of Jesus of Nazareth. His pastor and his colaborers spoke of his life as a lovely example of Christian purity, and one that was in the highest and best sense loyal to its professed faith. His faith in the Christian system was deep and abiding; it was the anchor to his hope of the life eternal. To him a confession of unbelief was a wail of pain and despair. He had an undoubting faith in man's immortality. To the inquiry of the

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patriarch, "If a man die, shall he live again?" he would have answered:

Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No! Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again
Bright through th' eternal year of triumphant reign.

But his mute lips can send us no message. He has passed through the gates and is solving the great mystery. One who went before him said:

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding-place.

It cannot be that life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness.

Else why these high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over with a beauty that is not of earth and then pass off to leave us to muse on their loveliness? Why is it that the stars hold their festival around the midnight throne or set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory?

And, finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts?

We were born for a higher destiny than earth.

There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful things that pass before us like shadows will stay forever in our presence.

In this beautiful faith HASKELL lived and died.

Some in this day, I know, regard the term "Christian statesman" as one of reproach, but I am glad to know that in political life there are, oftener than men think, grand characters, who, through the blinding glare of wealth and glamour of temptation, can see God and follow Him, and who, above the angry altercations of scheming and ambitious partisans, above the tumult of the mob that would crucify truth and deify falsehood, can hear God calling to duty and courageously obey Him.

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As I conversed with his neighbors I found the loveliness of HASKELL'S domestic life the theme of every tongue. To make his family circle bright and joyous was his uppermost desire. To him affection was not simply a name and love a mere passion of the hour, but he ever wore the image of his wife and children, like beautiful flowers, next his heart. He filled his cottage home with smiles and melody, and even in the fierce tumult of his political struggles that quiet little home among the forest trees was the goal of his earthly joys and hopes. It was the Mecca to which his heart made constant pilgrimage. That home, once so light and joyous, is darkened now. The angel of death has shadowed it with his wing and turned it into a house of mourning. And now, Mr. Speaker, as we pay tribute to the memory of the dead we may pause and send a message of sympathy to the widowed wife and orphaned children who are stricken by an incurable grief. The place that was hallowed by a father's and husband's presence is silent and sad, and that broken and bereaved family, in agonizing tears, stand by a fresh-made grave. But the weary body, broken by disease, lies where no storm can disturb it. The wrecked bark rides at anchor without a disturbing wave.

A throng of people—friends, neighbors, and strangers—followed the hearse of their honored dead to the beautiful cemetery close by the city. I was one of that sad *cortege*. It was a drear December day when, with bowed heads and sad hearts, we lowered his body to its final abode. His grave was made on a gentle knoll, in sight of his cottage and overlooking the steepled city. On it the morning sun will rise and evening twilight fade. There the hand of affection will plant the rose and the myrtle. As the years go by the stars will shine upon it and the gloom of the nights that are starless robe it in blackness. The winter winds will shriek above it, and in the spring-time the melody of the bird-song and the perfume of the flowers will environ it. There in the solemn calm of the grave we left him to await the call of the angels.

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Address of Mr. BELFORD, of Colorado.

Mr. SPEAKER: Among the sweet legends of the past we learn of two islands located in an unknown sea. The one was called the island of the living, and the other that of the dead. Into the former death never could enter. Its city was resplendent with beauty, and in its gardens and parks no flower lost its flush, no violet its hue, and no lily was ever numbed by the hard hand of frost. But disease was allowed to visit its inhabitants. They were blest with the attributes of immortality, yet cursed with the infirmities of humanity. There was immense wealth in this island, and all the festivities and festoons that it could afford. There were drum-beats of glory, and the whirls of the dance, and the soft lute-tones of gayety. But the inhabitants of this island wearied of its joys and activities and sought repose beneath the shadows of the island of death. Sleep had taught them that there might be a surcease from sorrow and that the weary limbs and tired souls might somewhere find repose. They constructed their barks and entering on their uncertain voyage struck for the shores of the other isle and reaching them were at rest.

Does not this legend typify the relations of those who dwell in the annals of time to those who rest in the realms of eternity? The weariness of life inspires the enjoyment of death, and Hamlet expressed but an instinctive fear when he declared in his soliloquy that we must not fly from the burdens of to-day to the uncertainties that might occur to-morrow. "That which is universal cannot be an evil."

The dread of death is but an animal instinct. The falling of the leaf is death; the withering of the flower is death; the changing of the foliage in the forest is death.

The wrinkles on our faces, the increasing gray in our hair, are but the indications of the coming of the great Master who gives us repose. His hand, after all, is soft as the dews of the morning. Even the condemned in his prison eats a hearty meal and sleeps

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quietly the night that precedes his execution. It is not death that is terrible, but it is the separation from friends, the inability to converse with those that are here and those that have departed. Dying is but a disappearing mist from the crest of the mountain, to be followed by the sunshine of a better life. Oh, what a mystery is this art of living! Is it not greater than the mystery of dying? Does one bring more hearty anxieties and solicitudes than the other?

The field of infinite and immeasurable space into which we drift is but the domain of naked conjecture. But here we have the substance where the cactus and poisonous weeds grow and flourish. How many ships with full sails go out into the bosom of the ocean only to return battered and worn! How many hearts commence life joyful and gladsome, to afterwards beat irregular ticks, like a clock out of time! How many things there might have been for which the hungry heart sighed and failed to acquire!

There are many faces in early life gladdened with the joyance of hope and courage, and yet we have seen their smiles fade into gloom and sink below the horizon. Does this life, after all, furnish us with anything but hope inspired and hope disappointed? When we contemplate the problem which each of us must solve cannot we realize that our departed brother is folded in the realm of eternal kindness, and has escaped the perplexities with which we are annoyed, and that he is looking upon this world without the red rust-of tears that we notice in each other's eyes. We vainly struggle to reach and measure the deep things hidden from our mortal sense. We seek to count the stars, but the most of them are out of our telescopic view, and our dull and stupid souls do not know the deep things that are hidden from us. There is but one sure platform on which we can stand, and that is this: "That God has chosen for the best."

The aching heart and the sorrowful soul look forward to a sweet "By-and-bye," where a pure ideal of what they might have been may be realized, and the faults that debased us here may be purged and corrected there; where the drooping flower of this life may be the erect and stalwart of the ages to come; where the

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crooked ways of this world may be made the straight ones in the next; where the sorrows that shroud the weary soul here may be illuminated by the Eternal Sun that will make them resplendent forever, and that every eye gazing upon them will perceive that the light of God's countenance shines through each soul, and will ultimately make it beautiful and serene. This is no vain hope, because it is the harbinger and sunset of the millennium, whose arch and span are made up of the promise of beauty and rest.

DUDLEY C. HASKELL was great and noble-hearted; his thoughts and his deeds blended together like the notes that spring from the various strings of a harp. He was courageous and manly in debate, and wise and judicious in council. He was affable in his manners, loving, trustful, and honest in all his associations. In his experience he had learned and felt the sentiments expressed by the German poet:

> Who never knew misfortune, lived but half;
> Who never wept, ne'er heartily did laugh:
> Who never failed, could scarce have striven and wrought;
> Who never doubted, hardly could have thought.

Through the gradations of labor and poverty he reached this House. He was a conspicuous member on its chief committee and devoted the energies of his mind and the honesty of his heart to revise those great laws which affect the industrial interests of the Republic. His lips were too white to utter a lie and his hands too pure to accept a bribe. Why a man thus constituted should in the heyday of his youth have been garnered by the harvester Death passes my comprehension. I feel, and I contemplate the event, like Schiller felt when he wrote his poem entitled "The Battle," and wherein he exclaimed:

> Brothers, God grant when this life is o'er,
> In the life to come that we meet once more.

Oh, how mournful are the groans that echo from the chambers of death! Of all the sad notes which human ears have heard are the death-notes that accompany the departure of our friends.

He was plucked from us in the very spring-time of his days, with

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the pulses of thought strong, vigorous, and clear. Is Nature in combination with human souls to enable them to reach the height of perfection in the blush and bloom of their youth and vigor? How enchantingly the rainbow of future promise must have appeared to him, and with what endearment he must have embraced the prophecies of the future. It is inexpressibly sad to witness the scissors of death severing the threads that bind the human soul to this earth, where so much joy and bliss are found. What hopes are crushed; what anticipations are frosted? But is it not a compensation that in the grave our rest is undisturbed? No sorrow, no slander, no venom, and no temptation can touch us then. The ocean that separates this world from the next no human eye can penetrate. The shadow of the future is on the shore of the present, and what lies in that shadow no soul can tell. Oh, how sweet it would be if on this ocean that divides time from eternity, and on which souls are the ships of passage, we could freight these spiritual vessels with messages of love to that "bourne from which no traveler returns!" We would send letters fragrant with the supremest affections of the human soul. We would send bouquets of flowers as beautiful as those that first appeared in the garden of Paradise. But we simply grasp the air and find our hands empty. We look at the sea and find it is shoreless. We speak to the departing messenger and find that to his hands we can consign no commission. My dear, departed friend, let me express in the language of one of the world's greatest men and sweetest poets my own sentiments:

Fare thee well, oh, thou to memory dear,
  By our blessings lulled to slumbers sweet;
Sleep on calmly in thy prison drear,
  Sleep on calmly till again we meet.

Till the loud almighty trumpet sounds,
  Echoing through these corpse-encumbered hills;
Till God's storm-wind, bursting through the bounds
  Placed by Death, with life those corpses fills.

Till, impregnate with Jehovah's blast,
  Graves bring forth and at His menace dread,
In the smoke of planets melting fast,
  Once again the tombs give up their dead.

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What a wonderful sight we shall some time see when the great of the earth are all gathered there; when the laurels of victory and the cypress of defeat are intertwined without the slightest regret. In the sweeter time to come, when the blossoms all bloom and the infirmities of this life be forgotten, we will realize that the soul is the jewel of all things, and that the circumstances which encompass us here simply tend to brighten and burnish it; that the office of the shadow is to intensify the sunlight. And if there is ultimately to be a perfectibility of the human soul, we will be across the river what we might have been here.

Oh, what is death but a rebirth into that larger life where we go on forever! Who can measure the compass of our existence? We come here without our consent, and depart without being consulted.

Is it possible that our rest is to come in the bosom of the planets that illumine the sky? Are we to realize ultimately that the sun which warms the earth with its heat and makes the grass grow in its vigor and greenness is but a type of the Heavenly Father who counts the number of our hairs and notes the dropping of a sparrow? These, indeed, are puzzling questions, and no man can solve either the riddle of life or death. The pagan religion to the dying had no terrors. The intelligent thought of to-day in contemplating death brings no dismay to thoughtful souls. Once we were unknown and unincarnated, and all of us came into this world indicating our appearance with a cry. Our mothers, who hold the doorway of life, love us when we come and weep when we go out.

Does not the mystery of life increase with every thought touching its conditions? How anxiously we stand on the shore of this ocean, and lift our eyes to the heavens above us, and clasp our hands and ask, "When will the departed return?" Yet it is all in vain and hopeless. Over the ripples of this boundless sea there is no rustle of air that brings us a response:

> We long for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still.

Can it be possible that the strong attractions of this life by way of personal friendships are but the reproduction of loves and affec-

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tions that existed in the ages before when our spiritual incasements were entirely different? On this subject I can think of nothing sweeter or better than the poem of Colonel Joyce, entitled "Unknown," which I repeat:

I gazed on the babe at its mother's breast,
And asked for the secret of life and rest;
It turned with a smile that was sad and lone,
And murmured in dreaming, "Unknown, unknown."

I challenged the youth so bold and so brave
To tell me the tale of the lonely grave,
But he sung of pleasure in musical tone,
And his echoing voice replied, "Unknown, unknown."

Then I questioned the gray-haired man of years,
Whose face was furrowed with thought and tears,
And he paused in his race to simply groan
The soul-chilling words, "Unknown, unknown."

I asked the lover, the poet, and sage
In every clime and every age,
To tell me the truth, and candidly own
If, after death, 'tis all unknown, unknown?

I soared like the lark to the boundless sky,
Sighed in my soul for the how and the why;
The angels were singing and just had flown,
I heard but the echo, "Unknown, unknown."

We come like the dew-drops and go like the mist,
As frail as a leaf by autumn's winds kissed;
Fading away like the roses of June,
Wishing and waiting to meet the unknown.

Nature, oh! Nature, the God I adore,
There's light in thy realm, I ask for no more;
From the seed to the fruit all things are grown,
Yet, while we know this, the cause is unknown,

When matter and mind are perished and lost,
And all that we see into chaos is tossed;
From nothing to nothing we pass out alone,
Like a flash or an echo—"Unknown, unknown."

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We grope in the dark and inquire why we have been brought here, and we vainly study what is to be the end of our being, and whether we shall attain a definite object or miss it altogether. Tennyson in the following lines has expressed the despair and the hope of every human soul:

> Behold, we know not anything;
> I can but trust that good shall fall
> At last – far off—at last, to all,
> And every winter change to spring.
>
> So runs my dream; but what am I?
> An infant crying in the night;
> An infant crying for the light;
> And with no language but a cry.

Oh, how the great of this earth, from the times of Zoroaster and Christ to those of Swedenborg and Wesley, have struggled to solve the problem, "What am I, and why am I?" No satisfactory solution has been found. Descartes summed up his philosophy by declaring, "I think, therefore I am." Seneca, staggering in the dark, shouted out, "If only one might have a guide to truth." "We must wait," Plato declared, "for one, be it a God or God-inspired man, to teach us our religious duty." And Cæsar declared in the Roman Senate that there was no God and that the future was more than a blank. The world, after all, must rest on its growing faith, and as man gets better and sweeter and more virtuous in his life his god assumes these attributes, just as the Grecian gods took on the character imparted to them by the Athenians. It would seem to me that in the mazes of this life we might receive at least an occasional revelation that would quiet our anxieties and give our souls actual assurances of a positive immortality.

But if there be a personal God we cannot judge of the wisdom of his designs until we know the end he seeks to accomplish. I remember once to have stood by the side of a loom where they were weaving Brussels carpet. The design of the weaver was unknown, and the figure but half completed. I said there was too much black and too little white, too much pink and too little yellow. Turning to me, a lady remarked, "without knowing the

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design your criticism is unjust." This weaver but typifies the Almighty weaver, who has all our human souls like so many threads on His infinite loom, and when the carpet that he is making is spread on the floor of eternity and illuminated by the light of His countenance, it will be found that there is not one thread of white too much nor of black too little.

Address of Mr. HANBACK, of Kansas

Mr. SPEAKER: More than sixteen years ago two towns in my State of Kansas were arrayed against each other upon a question of small import to the world, but at that time of much importance to those two young municipalities of the young Commonwealth. A thousand people gathered there upon the open plain to witness eighteen young and stalwart men engaged in a contest at base-ball, and of that number, bright and brave, stood DUDLEY C. HASKELL, the chief of his nine.

And there for the first time I met him in that friendly conflict. From thence on we grew in acquaintance which ripened into friendship such as few men enjoy in this world. I knew him in the pride of his manhood, when the shadows were falling far behind his back, and when his eye was bright with hope as he looked into the future. I knew him when he was struggling in adversity, while engaged in a lawful and honorable calling in merchandise in his city, when bankruptcy, long deferred, stared him in the face, and at last fell upon him and blighted his business prospects and darkened his home. But in that hour the face of that man was sublime, serene, and perfect, because his hands were as white as the snow which fell upon his grave that drear December day, when the citizens standing around gave their blessing and their tears to him and to his.

He was not successful in a business point of view. His life was created for another purpose, and the time came when he was lifted out of the slough of despond into which he had been thrown.

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He was sent to the legislature of his State, and then for the first time he stood a master among men. With one accord and with unanimous voice of his party he was selected to preside over the deliberations of that body; and it is to his high credit, and was always a matter of pride with him, that no decision he made during his term of office as speaker was reversed by the house. He went down from his high place receiving the plaudits of all men, whether they differed from him or not on the political questions of the day.

In the summer of 1876, after a close contest in the Congressional convention of his district, he was chosen as the nominee of the Republican party. Against him in the contest was pitted a man who was known with distinguished credit to himself in that State; a man coming fresh from the Halls of Congress, who had acquitted himself honorably and creditably in that capacity, and who bore upon his party ensign not the name of Republican, but that of Democrat. He was a man well known and respected, who bore a proud name among the people whom he had served; a man whose counsels were judicious and wise, and who had presided as a judge in a district composed of a large portion of that Congressional district for many years. This was the man with whom the young candidate for the suffrages of the people was to lock hands in a contest that would be to the death.

I remember well the day when the ensign of victory floated over the head of DUDLEY HASKELL, and his future was assured. Five thousand people were assembled at Olathe in his district. His opponent spoke, and others spoke; general debate was in progress, and yet HASKELL was not there. And I remember the sneer that went forth as they said he did not dare to come. But he was coming; he was coming by a slow freight train, for come he would, and there was no other train available. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon a team driven madly on came up, and HASKELL, covered with dust and smoke, leaped upon the platform ready to grapple with his antagonist. The victory for a while had seemed doubtful; it had wavered and pointed the other way, but in a moment all was changed. Throwing his coat aside, HASKELL stood forth in the presence of

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the throng in all his magnificent manhood to present his powerful views of the great questions of the day to the expectant crowd. I tell you when the contest was over, when the debate was done, the future of that man was assured, the future of the contest in that district was assured, and all men yielded to that opinion.

Called by the voice of the people of that district to come here as their Representative in this House, he came at their behest, although deathly sick, grasping for a fresh hold on life, almost then gone; and yet he was raised up under the providence of God to become the honor of the State and the honor of all the nation, entitled to its love and respect.

Mr. Speaker, I have but few words more to say of our dead friend. I was with him in every contest he had in his district. We traveled together side by side. We communed together upon the great questions that were to be presented, upon the political condition of the country, the legislation that was demanded; and yet, in all the days and nights I was with him, I never heard him say an unkind word of any living man. His heart was spotless and void of offense toward his fellow-men. Abuse and misrepresentation he could trample upon and defy, while still maintaining the purity of his manhood; and it was the white mantle of love which enwrapped him as he lay dead in his home here in Washington. It was the same white mantle of love that enfolded him as we went with his dead body, with swiftly-moving pace, to Lawrence, there to be greeted with lamentations, sighs, and tears by thousands of his old acquaintances, constituents, and friends, over the loss that had befallen them, and I thought as I stood there and witnessed their grief that many of them had come to know perhaps for the first time that a great man had fallen in Israel.

There is no question in my mind, Mr. Speaker, as to where his ship is floating to-day. There is no question in my mind as to what harbor it has entered with fluttering sails, and flag floating transcendently beautiful. I know, as you know, as we all know—for it is emblazoned in our hearts—that we shall live again. The men who stood with the Republic, who fought for it, who made it,

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and maintained it, the men who died at Lexington, and those who died with the last shot that was fired at the heart of the nation, are living to-day.

To-day o'er our flag they are keeping
As faithful a guard as of yore.
No sentinel spirit is sleeping,
That pickets the line of the shore.
The voices of music are ringing
In accents of sweetness abroad:
The sanctified army is singing
The praise of America's God!

Friend of my early days, companion, counselor, I greet thee; I greet thee; I greet thee!

Address of Mr. PETTIBONE, of Tennessee.

Mr. SPEAKER: I ask the indulgence of the House for a few moments while I, too, join my voice with those of his older associates upon this floor to add my testimony in giving emphasis to the sterling and manly character of DUDLEY HASKELL.

My offering of eulogy is very brief and humble, but it certainly is heartfelt. Others who knew him longer and more intimately than I have given us the details of his life's story. What I knew about him I learned mostly by close observation while he was with us and of us. I first knew him in the Union Army. Like myself and all our comrades, he was then a young volunteer. It was during what we of the old "Army of the Frontier" called the Prairie Grove campaign.

Bright, active, brave, and handsome, in the full glory and blush of his early and splendid manhood, I seem to see him now as I saw him then, when in pride and honor and heart's devotion he wore unsoiled his country's uniform of blue.

It was evident to his comrades in those old days, as it was later

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to those who knew him in this Chamber, that he had courage and integrity in his heart, as he certainly had power on his brow.

I next met him on this floor in the first days of the Forty-seventh Congress. He impressed me always as few men ever did; and as the months wore away close observation convinced me that not only were his intellections keen, not only were his powers great, but that his heart was pure, and his purposes patriotic and as stainless as a star.

How he labored during all of the last session only those can know who, like my friend from Pennsylvania [Mr. KELLEY], saw him as, day by day, he did a Titan's work while we shared in his hopes, convictions, and anxieties.

I waive the question whether or not he was right. I believe he was. Yet I sincerely believe he sacrificed his life to the conscientious discharge of duty as he understood it, and from sheer overwork he died in the stern discharge of duty! Can eulogy say more than that?

He believed, with the faith that makes heroes and martyrs, that it is alike wise and patriotic to save the American markets for the handiwork and wares of American workmen, in order that comfort and plenty may always fill and bless American homes. He believed that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War."

But, sir, he is dead! The Commonwealth that honored him, as he in his integrity certainly served and honored her, now holds all that is mortal of our friend. His career on earth is ended, as all careers must end! To his widow and now fatherless children he has left a legacy rich in the record of a noble life and a spotless name! "He was born; he died." That, in brief, is the history of man!

But, sir, our friend was a most manly man, because he was a Christian man. He always was ready to spend, and be spent in the cause of truth, justice, humanity—and that surely is the cause of Christ!

As I think of him in the plenitude of his power on this floor

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as a debater and as a law-maker, and remember that he is gone, the lines of Barry Cornwall rise unbidden to memory:

Day dawned! Within a curtained room,
Filled to faintness with perfume,
A lady lay at point of doom.

Day closed! A child had seen the light;
But for that lady, fair and bright,
She slumbered in unending night.

Springs rose! And by her grave so green
A little boy, with thoughtful mien,
On summer eves was often seen.

Years passed! He grew in manly grace,
He mingled in the world's rough race,
And won himself a lofty place.

And then he died. Behold before ye
Humanity's poor sum and story,
Life, death, and all there is of glory!

Sir, within the sacred precincts of that desolate home in Kansas I would not presume to enter an uninvited and an unknown guest. To the widow in her weeds, whom I never saw, I can only say, Look up! Dear old Whittier has, in his desolation, penned these lines:

And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night, which soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are.
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And white against the Evening Star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

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Address of Mr. PERKINS, of Kansas.

Mr. SPEAKER: On the 23d day of March, 1842, DUDLEY CHASE HASKELL was born in the quiet village of Springfield, in the State of Vermont, and removing with his parents to the Territory of Kansas when but thirteen years old, he grew into a strong, sturdy, athletic, vigorous man, and seven years ago, with long strides and strong arms, he entered this Chamber to assume the duties and take upon himself the responsibilities of a legislator for this nation.

How ably he performed those duties and how conscientiously he discharged those responsibilities has been attested here to-day; and now, when he should have been but in the prime of life and in the full vigor of his intellect and manhood—when, as life is ordinarily allotted to man, he should have been in his seat looking with conscientious solicitude after the interests of his constituents and the well-being of his country—the busy duties of this House are suspended, the gavel of the Speaker is laid aside, and the acrimonious debate is hushed that all may certify to the worth and honor of the departed, and that some may laurel his grave with a rhetorical offering of sympathy and affection.

That grim messenger which comes but once to man halted Mr. HASKELL as he was entering Congress for the fourth consecutive term, and bade him give up his duties, set aside his aspirations, forego his interests, bid farewell to friends and loved ones, quit his scenes of home and kindred, and follow him to that silent bourne from which none are permitted to return to tell us of the departed. Why this was none can tell. Why one so young, so devoted to duty, so strong and athletic, so capable of work and accomplishing good, so conscientious and fearless in the denunciation of wrong and in the advocacy of what he believed to be right, so ambitious and desirous of aiding his country and of doing that which would contribute to the happiness of man, should be stricken down and

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his powers destroyed thus early in his pilgrimage none can tell; and why the final summons should have been served as he was at the vestibule of his usefulness and but rapidly climbing to the apex of his power and opportunity is one of the insoluble problems of mortal life. But thus it is and ever hath been.

Going to Kansas when but thirteen years of age, from the green hills and liberty-loving people of Vermont, he became at once interested and aroused for free government on the plains of his newly-adopted home, and the aggressions of the slave power and the efforts of the national administration to fasten African bondage upon the people of the new Territory aroused the vehement opposition of his impassioned nature and called forth every resistance his young but enthusiastic temperament could command. He witnessed the violence and turbulence of that contest, and love for freedom and hatred of slavery and human bondage grew into every muscle and fiber of his being and became a constituent part of his manhood, and when that contest was followed by war against his country; when States where shooting from their political orbits like erratic meteors from the sky; when the wild alarm of war was sounded and the drum-beat was marshaling the loyal legions to stay the fratricidal hands raised for the overthrow of our Government, DUDLEY C. HASKELL tendered his services to his country, and in an humble and subordinate capacity did what he could to nationalize liberty, extirpate slavery, and preserve his country.

But all those days of mingled light and shadow, of hopes and fears, of great virtues and great sins are gone, and how our hearts should overrun with gratitude that the nation needs no more sacrifices for such a conflict, but asks now for a common brotherhood, moved by Christian charity and bound together and cemented by good deeds.

And perhaps in years not far away the vanquished—the South herself—when she shall look with pride upon her enlarged cities and new industries, and upon her increased millions, rich, free, and happy, as her sky is gentle, blue, and propitious, will count among her friends those who wore the blue and seemed to her such reck-

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less enemies, as they struggled to preserve the Government for freedom and to break the chains that held the bondsman as a slave.

When Mr. HASKELL quit the service of his country in the field he went to Williston's Seminary, at Easthampton, Mass., to continue his education, and concluded it by a scientific course at Yale.

In December, 1865, he was married at Stockbridge, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, to Miss Hattie Kelsey, an accomplished and cultured descendant of Cotton Mather, who with two little girls are left to survive him.

Almost immediately after he was married Mr. HASKELL returned to his prairie home and engaged in business, but he took a deep interest in local concerns and interests, and in those social, commercial, and political problems which lay at the foundation of our Government, and being a clear thinker, a ready and aggressive debater, and a courteous and intelligent controversialist, it was not long until he found himself in the front rank of local politics, and in 1872 he was elected to the legislature of his State.

But his political and business experiences have been given by my colleague and I will not enlarge upon them. His labors, his growth, his accomplishments as a member of the Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, and Forty-seventh Congresses is known to many of you, and has been commented upon to-day. Of temperate habits, of untiring industry, and possessing a splendid physical organization, and moved by an honorable ambition to excel, he did not realize there was a limit to his powers of endurance, or to his physical capacity for work, and being poor he attempted almost unaided to do that which no member of this Chamber can do and live—to run all the errands and look after the wants and correspondence of a very large and exacting constituency, and yet perform in a competent and thoroughly intelligent manner the demanding and multitudinous duties of this House, and the chair of DUDLEY C. HASKELL is vacant to-day and his body moldering in sepulchral dust from overwork; crushed by the exacting demands and labor of his position as was the Trojan priest of Neptune, Laocoon, and his children crushed by the serpents of Tenedos.

Throngs gathered in the courts of Hypatia discussing "What

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am I, and whence came I?" and from that Grecian culture to the present the generations have discoursed that more inscrutible question still, "Whither go I?"

But not so with him whom we mourn to-day.

Born of Christian parents, his convictions were formed in early years, and strengthened with his growth. He believed in the carpenter of Nazareth, in the divinity of Christ, in the immortality of the soul, in the resurrection and the better life. To him the accomplishments of man, the monumental glories we have won, were not given to or secured by a race of descendants who trace their genealogy to gibbering specimens of the animal kingdom or to the lower strata of animal life; but to beings "little less than the angels," who shall find incorruption and immortality, when the corruptible, mortal nature is laid aside, weary and exhausted in the work of life. Mr. HASKELL was but little given to abstractions and speculations—to him practice was worth more than theory, and in the investigation and consideration of the economic questions of the day he preferred to ascertain and heed results rather than indulge in theorizing and philosophical speculation regardless of consequences.

As has been already said he possessed a fine physique, and when he first entered this Chamber he was the picture of health and physical vigor. As was eloquently said of him by his pastor in this city in the brief exercises had on the morning the *cortege* moved for his Western home, "he was six feet three inches tall, but every inch a man."

Springing from the masses, his sympathies were with the laboring people, and his heart beat responsive to their importunities; but for all he only desired that which was right, and in all the relations of life, as day-laborer, as soldier, as scholar, as business man, as politician, as statesman, he stood by his convictions, and died as he had lived—an honest man. How tersely he expressed this characteristic of his life when, in almost the last conversation he had with his devoted friend, Hon. Ed. R. Smith, of Kansas, who had been clerk of the Committee on Indian Affairs—the Com-

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mittee of which Mr. HASKELL had been chairman—he said, "I tell you, Ed., it pays to be honest, and I thank God my hands are clean." But it was as husband and father that Mr. HASKELL excelled. Kind and devoted, it was at the family hearthstone with wife and little ones that he shone resplendent. There he should have been seen and known to have been fully appreciated. There his feelings were full of tenderness and his face laughed as with the joys of early life, "when the days are all sunny and the months all June;" and there hearts throb for him that now must bleed until they too are summoned to share with him the ecstacies of a better land.

But I will not rend the veil and trespass upon the sanctity of that beautiful home-life except to call your attention to the weeping wife and desolate children as they sit in the prairie home he loved so well, cherishing the ashes of the departed, and weeping for him who comes not. How inexpressibly sad is their condition in weeds and mourning these cheerless days of winter when contrasted with that of October last, when they left home cheerful, buoyant, hopeful, happy, expecting that with a little rest and relaxation in the hills of New England the bloom of health would return to his cheeks and elasticity to his steps, and they would witness him, as he grew in strength and usefulness during this session of Congress, gaining new laurels, achieving new triumphs, and adding new honors to his already distinguished name.

For six years I, in common with the people of the second district of Kansas, was honored by our Representative upon the floor of this House; and as a constituent who knew him well, who respected his integrity and worth, who admired his capacity and sincerity, who sympathized with him in his political convictions and affiliations, and who competed with him for the honor of representing the district in the convention in which he was first nominated for Congress, I, in conclusion of these exercises, pay this feeble tribute to his worth, with a tear of sympathy and regret at our irreparable loss.

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Address of Mr. INGALLS, of Kansas.

Mr. PRESIDENT: DUDLEY CHASE HASKELL was lineally and by nature a Puritan. Had he lived in that splendid epoch of English history when the race to which we belong reached its meridian; when genius culminated in Shakespeare, reason in Bacon, heroism in Raleigh, courtesy in Sydney, love of liberty in Hampden, military and civic leadership in Oliver Cromwell; he would, like his ancestors, have exiled himself from home, friends, possessions, crossed the implacable seas, and laid in the savage solitudes of an empty continent the foundations of a Christian commonwealth, "for the common good, for the protection, safety, prosperity, and happiness of the people, and not for the profit, honor, or private interest of any one man, family, or class of men;" a state builded upon the Bible as its chief corner-stone, and having for the charter of its liberties the Golden Rule.

No political experiment ever appeared less formidable at the outset than the colonization of Massachusetts Bay, but none ever had such momentous, such far-reaching consequences. The ideas of those fugitives from intolerance and proscription possessed inconceivable energy. The mind of man, released from the bondage of caste and precedent, conscious at last of its powers, has achieved results in letters, in science, in war, in government, which are not less a revelation than a prophecy.

The feeble colonists lingered for awhile by the coast, wresting scanty subsistence from the sterile soil and the stormy sea; but moving slowly westward, the great column in two centuries has crossed the continent, overcoming all obstacles, conquering all adversaries, till at last, among fifty million people under self-government, freedom is universal, civil and political equality is the fundamental law, the safety of life, the preservation of liberty, the protection of property are effectually guaranteed, the means of education are diffused as widely as the desire to know, and the opportunities for happiness are commensurate with the capacity to enjoy.

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None of the traits and attributes, physical, intellectual, or moral, which distinguished the original emigrants to New England were wanting in Mr. HASKELL, and in his relations to the politics and society of his State and the nation he exhibited the same qualities which characterized his progenitors two hundred and fifty years ago. Could he have assumed the garb and vestment of that ancient time, his great stature, the sedate dignity of his demeanor, his stately presence, an aspect of authority, and the serious gravity of his features would have rendered him the striking semblance of a worshipful magistrate of the colonial period.

To applause or censure for its own sake he was stoically indifferent. There was no insensibility to fame or blame in his nature, but he preferred the approval of his conscience to the approbation of mankind. He adhered strenuously to unpopular friends, to his own detriment, rather than incur suspicion of personal disloyalty. He advocated unpopular doctrines which commanded the assent of his reason or his conscience, rather than gain votes by silence or duplicity. Conscience, which is said to make cowards of us all, made no coward of him; it made him courageous rather, and daringly aggressive and defiant intellectually in his support of principles which he considered essential to the well-being of the people. He believed in the appeal of truth to time, and aspired to be a real leader of opinion rather than to obtain the cheap and casual applause which reward the demagogue, the impostor, and the charlatan.

Politics and religion are popularly supposed to be incompatible. So many assertions must be denied, so many purposes must be concealed, so many calumnies must be refuted, so many temptations must be resisted, that the most rigid and censorious moralists are disposed to mitigate the severity of judgment; but no such forbearance was required for HASKELL. He did not deny his Master. He bore his religion with him in every presence, in all contests. He was from earliest youth devout, reverent, chaste, pure in spirit, active in all work for the elevation of society. Everywhere and in all directions his influence was beneficent and ennobling. The world was better for his having lived, and his death was a sub-

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traction from the moral forces which uphold and sustain mankind.

He came to Washington to take his seat as a Representative in the Forty-fifth Congress at the special session in October, 1877. He was immediately attacked by a disease from which few recover, and which his physicians considered mortal. My apprehensions increased as he rapidly declined from day to day, till I was summoned to his bedside one morning at daylight, and found that he had sunk into unconsciousness, from which he could not be roused. Before noon he rallied sufficiently to converse, and was told by the physicians that if his affairs required attention he had better arrange them before evening, as he might sink into sleep from which he would not wake. He recognized the gravity of the situation and asked if there was no hope. They thought there was none, but told him he had a chance for life. He replied: "I will take that chance. Do your duty and I will do mine." The struggle was long and doubtful, but skill and courage triumphed for a time over his malady, though he never seemed to me to be wholly restored to his pristine strength and vigor. He blanched rapidly and looked pallid and haggard at times, as though his vital forces were well-nigh spent. But I mention the incident to show the metal of which the man was made. He sometimes spoke of that awful hour, of the solemnity with which he contemplated the dark abyss, and of the consolation afforded by faith and hope. And yet his great work was done in the succeeding six years, after he had risen almost from the dead.

He entered public life without professional training or special discipline. But he had indomitable perseverance, energy, determination to excel, and gradually toiled upward, amid many discouragements, till at the close of the Forty-seventh Congress he had fairly won his place in the front rank of thought and debate, especially upon economic questions, and could reasonably anticipate a broad career of increasing influence and national renown.

His oratory was energetic and forcible, but without decoration. He indulged in none of the ornaments of discourse, quotation, anecdote, wit, humor, fancy, badinage, or repartee. His weapon

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was the broad-sword, not the rapier. He dealt in facts, in figures, in statistics, in arguments and deductions. He was a diligent, patient student, with that higher gift than genius, the capacity for assiduous and persistent labor, without which the most brilliant powers, after brief and fitful corruscation, uselessly expire. He did nothing at random. There was no diffusion in his career. He was not distracted by pleasure, passion, sense, or appetite, from the path of duty. He traveled steadily along the beaten and dusty highway without loitering, and so came at last to his journey's end.

That a life so pure, so valuable, so exemplary, rich in noble achievements, but far richer in every prophecy of approaching distinction, should be thus abbreviated adds one more to the inscrutable mysteries that perplex us here. He fell in the vestibule, and not at the altar. For his wife, children, and kindred, inconsolable in their bereavement, for the friends who loved him, for the great constituency that laments him, for the State that he honored, for the nation that he served, he "should have died hereafter."

Address of Mr. DAWES, of Massachusetts.

Mr. PRESIDENT: There are many reasons why I may be pardoned for adding a few words to the abundant and fitting eulogy already paid to the rare qualities and great worth of Mr. HASKELL. He was of New England stock, and those early years of mental molding and muscle-training in which all after-life is shapened were passed in my own State. And he had hardly essayed the battle of life in that infant Commonwealth, to whose very existence my own State had contributed so much that Kansas might almost be said to have sprung from the loins of Massachusetts, when he returned and chose from among my own neighbors one of her daughters to walk with him that pathway which the untried future was opening up before him.

By this transplanting the home life of Mr. HASKELL, and largely his public career, became an illustration of the effect of that broader horizon and freer spirit of pioneer experience upon the

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stern teachings and tough fiber which the Puritan and the Pilgrim wove into the character and stamped upon the forearm of each son of theirs wherever his foot rested. Indeed, the town of Lawrence, where he built his home, and where he now sleeps, does not bear a name more distinctly New England than it does a character whose basis and ruling color were brought over in the Mayflower, and which was, with precious little of latter-day polish or toning, taken bodily from Worcester and Middlesex in my own State to the sharp, quick, and bloody but final conflict for freedom of body and soul in a new empire. A New Englander, loyal to the stiff and stout qualities ingrain in her nature, and proud of her aggressive spirit, dominated by an iron will on whatever soil it sets its stake, reads plainly enough in the just tributes paid to the marked qualities of this deceased statesman of what stuff this man was made when they recite the simple story that he was born in Vermont and was taken to Massachusetts in the first year of his life, and that a true descendant of the mingled colonies of Winthrop and and Carver took him, when only eleven, with one hand and a Sharps rifle with the other, and with the Bible and a spelling-book in his pocket, led him forth to pitch his tent and assert his convictions on the plains of Kansas.

The founders of that State were not only heroes but far-seeing statesmen also. They made imperishable history, written in blood and in the living light of principle and of a duty to posterity, once and forever to be discharged. The youth of whom we speak, with only two or three more years of parental teaching and guidance, was by the death of his father pushed out alone to further equip himself as best he could and stand upon his own feet, and by the strength of his own arm to hew his own way through life. And yet it was not his own way he was to hew, for he never succeeded in laying up riches as the world counts riches, but died poor. The life which was spared him was devoted to the public service. Here he planted and watered and reared and pruned, and those who come after him shall gather more wholesome fruit because he has lived.

Mr. HASKELL came into Congress a little more than six years

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ago. Nearly all that time the committee work which fell to my lot here brought me into frequent and intimate consultation and co-operation with him. I soon came to value his counsel and rely upon his judgment. This intimacy ripened into the friendship and attachment of associates and companions. In a common work devolved upon us by the two Houses respectively, it was our pleasure to find ourselves working in harmony, moved by a common purpose toward a single end. Last August he had accepted my invitation to accompany a committee of this body charged with the duty of investigating certain phases of the Indian question among the Indians themselves. But failing health compelled him to turn away from this duty to medical treatment in a distant State, and I never saw him again.

I mourn to-day the death of a friend I could not spare, of a co-laborer who cannot be replaced, and I feel that those who need help, of whatever race and however bound or cast off, have lost a strong arm, ever stretched forth to succor; a clear intellect, ever alert, well balanced and directed to the wisest methods, and a heart as big as his native hills, ever responsive to the appeal of the lowly. I see, but I cannot comprehend the mystery of a well-ordered life, full of earnestness and hope and promise, equipped for great exigencies and animated by lofty and noble aims, closed almost at the threshold and before the work men would have him to do had hardly been begun. Verily, inscrutable are the ways of Him who holds in His hands the destiny of individuals and of nations.

And yet such a life, so brief, and to human sight so incomplete, is nevertheless of great value to the individual and the nation—to the individual as an example and to the nation as a product. The power he was able to wield and the good he had time to accomplish were the reward of labor. Neither genius nor the graces of rhetoric nor the fascinations of oratory made him the able debater he was, but patient and thorough investigation, tireless labor, gave him the ability to sift out the kernel and blow away the chaff. He uttered thoughts, not words, and they seemed to come up from a deep well, always full. He had convictions, and he dealt in nothing else. It seemed to him a duty to convince others, not to push

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or carry them. Hence all he had to say was argument, often naked, never decked or adorned with flowers of rhetoric or figures of speech. There was no art or guile or stage effect in his oratory. If he had no reason for the faith that was in him he did not trouble others with it. A clear, logical, and well-stored mind, an ardent temperament, and a profound conviction of the soundness of his position, gave him great power in debate and placed him in the first rank of efficient and reliable leaders in the House.

The whole biography of this man is written in a single word—*fidelity*, the noblest word, after all, in the English language. It was true of him in every trust of his life. He was true to himself and to all the faculties intrusted to him. He wrought with them all, and he strengthened and equipped them all for the best work attainable. He discharged to the uttermost every duty, public or private, and faithful to the end he died at his post. It is thought by some that the labor he undertook exceeded his strength and hastened his death. If that be so, it would be worth far more, it seems to me, to leave the record of a life filled up beyond its measure and borne down with the weight of a too exhausting struggle than to leave an empty record of a life prolonged into weary and purposeless days of fruitless existence.

Mr. HASKELL was a product of our institutions all too rare in this day; when place and power in the public service are so often sought and maintained by questionable means and for unworthy ends. He was not born to politics or place, but to poverty and privation. He did not belong to the class set apart when they were born for the public service and educated in the school of politics and in theories and ideals of government. He came, instead, of practical politics, and was himself a product of their needs. He became a builder, because he had himself handled the trowel and knew the quality of the mortar rather than the style of the architecture. Such men lay the foundations and build the walls, a little rough it may be, but still solid and abiding long after a more elegant finish shall have faded and perished. Our politics will suffer and our institutions will lose in rugged strength when such men fail of recognition and appreciation in the public service.

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Our friend was in personal intercourse the true gentleman. He hated all pretense and was always what he appeared to be. If he was angry he left no one in doubt, and when he extended his hand every one knew that it was warm. No one was ever put on his guard by a suspicious smile, or stood in fear of lurking hate. In social and in private life, as well as in public, he was direct, plain, and simple, and won a place in our hearts made desolate by this be reavement.

And now, Mr. President, we shall best profit from the lesson taught us by the character we have been contemplating if we turn from unavailing sorrow over the grave of a statesman we have honored and a friend we have loved, and, closing up our ranks, press on to the performance of that work in which he labored so faithfully while he was with us, mindful that the night soon cometh in which no man can work.

Address of Mr. COCKERELL, of Missouri.

Mr. PRESIDENT: It was my privilege to become acquainted with Hon. DUDLEY CHASE HASKELL soon after entering upon his duties as a member of the Forty-fifth Congress, and to maintain this acquaintance during his Congressional career in the Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, and Forth-seventh Congresses.

It is to me a sad pleasure to join in these last memorial services and to unite with those who knew him more intimately in all his personal and official relations in paying this last tribute to his memory, his personal worth, and faithful, exemplary performance of all his official duties.

DUDLEY CHASE HASKELL was born March 23, 1842, at Springfield, Vt., and was the first member of the Forty-eighth Congress, summoned after the assembling, from the scenes of his earthly labors to enter upon the realities of an unending existence beyond the grave. He was the descendant of an old Saxon family located in Scotland, and migrating to Salem, Mass., at an early period in the settlement of that place, and in his boyhood attended the com-

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mon schools in New England. When thirteen years old, in 1855, his parents located near Lawrence, Kans., where he attended the first common school taught in his town. In 1857 and 1858 he returned to Springfield, Vt., and attended school there.

Returning home, he was employed in the fall of 1858 and winter of 1859 in a clothing store, and accompanied his employer to Colorado. In the fall of 1861 he was employed in the transportation department of the Union Army in Kansas, and so continued in 1862.

In January, 1863, he attended school at Easthampton, Mass., and in the fall of that year entered upon a special course at Yale College and took a course in a business college in New Haven in 1864. While at Easthampton he joined the Congregational Church, of which he remained a consistent and exemplary member up to his death, and there also formed the acquaintance of Miss Hattie M. Kelsey, whom he married in the fall of 1864, and then returned to Lawrence, Kans., and engaged in mercantile pursuits until elected to the Forty-fifth Congress.

In 1872, 1875, and 1876 he was a member of the State house of representatives, serving as speaker in the last term. In 1874 he was nominated for governor by the Temperance party of his State, but declined. He was elected a member of the Forty-fifth Congress, and successively elected to the Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, and Forty-eighth Congresses. Such is a cursory review of his active outward life before the world.

Success being the test of merit, surely there was real merit in Mr. HASKELL. He had not enjoyed the advantages and opportunities enjoyed by so many young men of our country, but he had carefully improved every opportunity for the cultivation and development of a sound body and vigorous mind, inherited from his worthy parents. He was the architect of his own fortune, and from the scanty materials within his grasp builded wisely and skillfully the attractive fabric of a noble, intellectual, moral, and physical manhood. He was a true gentleman in the broadest sense. Life with him was real. He was of earnest purpose and strong convictions, sincere, steadfast, courageous, and persevering.

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In his private life he was blameless and his character above reproach; a true friend, a dutiful son, a devoted and faithful husband, a tender and affectionate father, a true Christian, earnest and devoted to the cause and interests of his church and Christianity. In his business life he was upright, industrious, and attentive.

However engaged, he was a close student and diligent in the acquisition of information of a practical and useful character, such as would prepare him for the faithful and efficient performance of every duty and trust in life.

As a legislator his integrity was not questioned. Dignified in his bearing, commanding in his appearance, with a clear voice, well informed, ready in debate, careful of the interests of his constituents, and not offensively partisan, he was a model legislator.

In the debates in the Forty-seventh Congress he gained a national reputation by the force and ability with which he presented the views of his party on the tariff issues.

To show the high estimate entertained for him, I read the following editorial from the Washington Daily Post of December 17, 1883:

Hon. DUDLEY C. HASKELL, of the second Kansas district, is the first member of the newly-organized Congress to be summoned from his post of duty by death. He had been a member of the House for three successive terms, always the leading Representative from his own State, and always commanding more than ordinary respect upon the floor. In politics he was a Republican of the strictest sect, but not offensively partisan. As a legislator he was practical and conscientious, bringing to the support of his positions a wide range of information, undoubted courage, and a careful regard for the interests of his constituents. He had great ambition and the promise of a long life, but the higher aims of the one perish with the other, and it is to be regretted that a record so honorable was not permitted to reach its full-rounded completeness.

I also read an editorial from the National Republican of the same date:

In the death of Hon. D. C. HASKELL, of Kansas, the House loses one of its brightest and most active members. In the tariff debates in the last Congress he showed himself to be singularly well informed in the details of the question at issue, and his ready grasp of great public interests won him undisputed rank among the leaders on the Republican side. Cut off in his prime by the unsparing reaper, his country is deprived of one whose future promised to be of great usefulness.

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He was appreciated, honored, and loved by the good people of Lawrence and his adopted State, who knew him well and best, and among whom he had spent his boyhood and maturer years.

It was my privilege to attend his remains to their last resting place in the beautiful cemetery near his home, and to witness the evidences of admiration, honor, and love cherished for him by his neighbors and the people of his State. They were earnest and sincere, and manifested with genuine sympathy and tenderness by all classes—fitting tributes to the noble dead.

Address of Mr. MORRILL, of Vermont.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The tender and truthful tributes which have been already paid to the deceased leave little more for me to add.

Mr. HASKELL was born in Vermont; and this fact, perhaps, has brought to me the honor of an invitation to add a leaf here to the brief ceremonies of the hour in commemoration of our deceased friend who was last year among us, with all the robust and elastic vigor of health and ripe manhood, fitly representing a notable district of a great and prosperous State. He then stood as the equal of the foremost for his practical knowledge and unflagging industry in the discussion and arbitrament of the leading question of the day. Unfortunately, as it appears to us, his career has been suddenly closed—too suddenly for his family, or for his friends and country. No one familiar with the voluminous record of the recent tariff debate, with the ever inhering difficulties and complicated problems of the subject, will hesitate to admit, whether agreeing to the principles he promulgated or not, that it has fallen to the lot of few men to approach more nearly at one session of Congress to the general mastery of the subject than was done by this laborious Representative from Kansas. Not that he appeared in long and eloquent orations and then retired from the field, but that he was at all times ready with the lucid explanations and apt speech of a well-equipped and strong man. His stalwart frame seemed to exempt him from brain-weariness. Strong as he appeared, it is

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now evident that his excessive labors were pursued at the peril of his health, and yet pursued with undiminished diligence and undiminished courage. He knew how to die, but not how to surrender.

Young HASKELL'S removal from the fine old and peaceful town of Springfield, in Vermont, to Kansas, in the days of his boyhood, but when old and strong enough to shoulder a rifle in behalf of the free-State cause, brought him into a new arena of a more stirring and eventful life, which was well calculated to fire his heart and make him forever thoroughly earnest in the avowal and defense of his opinions. He was there to see the birth of a State and there to follow the flag of the Union in 1861.

His subsequent training at scientific schools and his later mercantile experience, if not leading him to the acquisition of personal wealth, lead him to study deeply the most effective systematic methods by which the happiness and prosperity of great agricultural communities could be built up and solidly sustained. He had no faith in anything short of a home market and the harmony of diversified industries. There was nothing excellently done by labor elsewhere that he was not ambitious to have better done in America. He was justly proud of his adopted State, of its marvelous wealth-producing prairies, and full of faith in its liberty-loving people and in their rapidly growing numbers; but he would also have Kansas as much esteemed for all the virtues of a Christian State as for the fertility of its soil or the thrift of its people. As a leader at home he aimed, both by example and precept, to elevate the intelligence and purity of character as well as the material prosperity of his State; and here his life showed that he did not lose sight as a national legislator of the same ideal statesmanship. His political duties and religious faith were equally binding upon his conscience and never lacked harmonious relations.

In the committee of conference upon the tariff bill, during the closing days of the last Congress, an opportunity was afforded to me to notice some of the prominent traits in the character of Mr. HASKELL. He was true to his convictions, and lacked neither information nor courage to enforce them. He was outspoken in his

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opinions, but not dogmatic, and when overborne by the majority, which rarely happened, gracefully yielded. He seemed to recognize every interest of the country, however widely separated, as entitled to be heard with the most respectful consideration, and was not only ready but eager to offer equal justice to all. A patient listener to others, not soon tired by a review of the most unattractive details, his conclusions, always commanding respect, appeared to be based upon an unselfish adherence to the principles he regarded essential to the permanent advancement and greatest good of the whole country.

I bear willing testimony to his distinguished services; services which entitle his name to a loving remembrance not only by the citizens of Kansas and of his native State but by the nation. His place in the Congress of the United States, it is to be feared, will not soon be supplied, and his decease must be lamented not only by his friends as a personal bereavement, but by all those who were acquainted with his merits it must also be lamented as a national loss. Had he lived longer his reputation might have mounted higher. As it is, history, which remedilessly ignores the multitude of mankind, will not suffer his name to be forgotten. Henceforth the distinction he so fairly earned will remain secure in the annals of his country.

Address of Mr. PLUMB, of Kansas.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Respect for the dead is a pervading instinct of our common humanity. To honor the memory of the departed is regarded as a sacred trust, to the faithful discharge of which affection and friendship are irrevocably committed. Nor is any good man's fame and memory left to the sole guardianship of those who knew and loved him in life. There is something in the silent helplessness of the coffin and the sepulcher that appeals with peculiar and pathetic force to the chivalry of human nature. The discord of party passion, the conflict of individual interests, the fierce rivalry of personal ambitions, and all that is base and unworthy in the

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eager struggle for precedence and supremacy retire in silence from that presence whose mastery over the combined forces of nature is attested by the unnumbered dead of all the ages.

If these proceedings to-day were but a meaningless ceremony, if the public business had been suspended that we might take part in a mere empty pageant, we should do but scant honor to the memory of him whose early and lamented death is the theme of the occasion. Brought face to face to the sum and end of human hopes, so far as they center in this life, who shall say that the contemplation of that result may not guide us to loftier heights of purpose and effort, and by inspiring us with fresh zeal and devotion make us fitter for the time when we, too, shall be the text of funeral discourse?

The great State which honors me with a seat in this Chamber is in mourning. One of the ablest and most distinguished of her sons has fallen; for he was peculiarly a son of the State. His early youth was spent among the shifting and exciting incidents of her "uneasy civilization," and he broadened into manhood just as she was laying aside the insignia of territorial vassalage for the nobler emblems of sovereignty. Thus with almost every step of her progress he had personal identification, and thus as the years advanced and the early honors conferred upon him were more than justified, the boundaries of his influence were enlarged and people who had never looked upon his face watched his career with pride from the remotest corners of the commonwealth.

Others have told in fitting terms the life-story of my dead colleague and friend, and I need not retrace that ground.

It is a well-known fact in philosophy and experience that the characters of men and races are influenced and molded by their surroundings in the natural world. Strong natures, physical, intellectual, and moral, are nurtured under wintry skies and upon rugged soil. Mr. HASKELL carried with him to what was then the "far west" the vigor and industry, the native shrewdness, and the force of character to give it scope and purpose, which he had imbibed with the air of his native hills. Of the traditions, purposes and principles of New England he was at once the product

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and exemplar; and the little city which honored him in life and which now so keenly mourns his death bears a proud New England name, and boasts no small measure of those sterling qualities that have made New England homes and New England enterprise a theme of envy and a pattern for imitation.

Much has been said—too much cannot be said—of the intellectual side of Mr. HASKELL'S nature and of the honor that he had proved himself worthy to wear and which he seemed destined speedily to win in the field of politics and statesmanship. But there are those among his old neighbors and scattered all over the State which he honored who will prefer to remember him as the faithful friend and vigilant ally of every useful, every noble work. To the temperance cause he gave an example of life-long abstemiousness and ever-ready advocacy. In the Sabbath-school he was a patient, zealous, untiring worker. He honored religion by a blameless life, and strengthened the church of his choice by the earnestnesss of his labors and the elevating influence of his character. In social life he was fit to be a leader, and, as the head of that sadly stricken family, he was worthy of all the measureless love that centered there.

Mr. HASKELL was an ambitious man, but his was the ambition to excel, and thus to build upon the solid foundation of his own merits. He had none of the arts of the demagogue, and to the trickeries and littlenesses of politics he was an absolute stranger. He appealed for support on grounds of principle and the highest party expediency, and in his popular addresses eschewed charlatanism and personalities. He fortified himself for his public efforts by study and labor, and was thereby enabled to illumine them with a wealth of illustration and a profusion of analogies.

He gave to whatever he undertook the enthusiasm of his nature —not that tidal enthusiasm as conspicuous in its ebb as in its flow, but that steady, ardent, genial force before which obstacles that might withstand the fury of a spasmodic assault gradually but surely disappear.

Strong in his purposes, unyielding in his convictions, insensible to fear, vigorous in assault, and skillful in defense, Mr. HASKELL combined the chivalry of the knight with the tenderness of a wo-

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man. He contributed to partisanship no malignity, but was tolerant of differences and was a sincere admirer of able and conspicuous political opponents.

Mr. HASKELL'S power of concentration was something remarkable. If others excelled him in range and variety of information, he was the equal of any in the capacity to summon all his faculties to the attack or defense of a single position. He was therefore able to give to any undertaking in which he engaged all the energies of his nature. "Thorough" was his motto, and when he espoused a cause he studied it minutely, with a view to determine how it might be the most signally promoted and the most successfully defended.

This devotion to the matter in hand, whether great or small, was a striking characteristic of his whole life. His wholesome, hearty nature delighted in manly sports, and during his college life and subsequently the amiable ardor of his temperament was not less conspicuous in the athletic and chivalrous pastimes of the day than in the more serious concerns of life.

No man less obnoxious to the suspicion of being influenced by improper considerations ever lived. A prominent figure in numerous heated political controversies, and a champion whose blows were as harmful to opponents as they were helpful to allies, no whisper of personal reproach was ever breathed against him. In an atmosphere of political perturbation and unrest he was serene and guileless, advancing toward the end in view in the sunlight and by processes seen and known of all men. To what he conceived to be vicious notions of finance and economic administration he gave no countenance, but fearlessly and sturdily maintained his own convictions at every hazard of personal popularity.

His courtesy was as sincere and cordial as it was plain and artless. He cultivated no grace at the expense of his sincerity, nor simulated a pleasure that he did not feel. He had no special deference for rank or wealth or station, but was as kindly to the lowly who implored his aid as to the proud who sought his counsel. The kindliness of his soul beamed through mild blue eyes, and was traced in lines of tenderness upon his expressive countenance.

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Mr. HASKELL was emphatically a growing man. The occasion would not justify invidious comparisons, nor is extravagant eulogy the office of true friendship; but I venture the opinion that no man of his age in public life gave fairer promise of eminent usefulness, or could more justly look forward to the recognition and reward to which genuine merit is ever entitled to aspire.

For the first time in the history of Kansas death has invaded the circle of her representation present at the capital of the nation. The blow which came with unexpected suddenness to anxious friends here fell with stunning force upon tens of thousands of hearts in distant homes. The aspiring mind and noble soul of my colleague were domiciled in a physical organization that seemed especially designed to give them fitting shelter. He was regarded as a strong man in every sense, and his friends and admirers were justified in anticipating for him length of days as well as fullness of honors. What commentary on the mutability of human affairs and the perishable nature of human hopes could be more sadly impressive!

No matter what may be the nature of the consolations left to the survivors, an ended life, whether it be that of the infant or the patriarch, is ever a matter of serious contemplation. It is peculiarly and sadly so when in that life centered brilliant hopes and extensive possibilities. To his latest hours of consciousness my dead colleague looked out upon the world as upon a field in which adequate rewards are reserved for conscientious labor. He was confident in his own capacity, and meditated large plans of usefulness.

And so DUDLEY CHASE HASKELL came to the close of his too brief career at a time grievously premature to his country and to his friends, but under circumstances not wanting in precious consolations. He had so lived as not to fear death. A laggard in the race for wealth, he had gained a richer inheritance, and dying, left the partner of his life and home dowered with the fragrance of an exemplary life, and his children rich in the patrimony of his stainless name.

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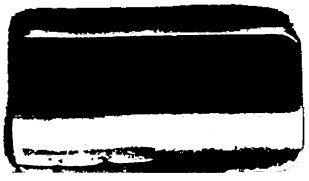

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